Mafia X Elite

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by Lord's Gambit (Lords_Gambit)

What would've happened if Ayanokoji Kiyotaka, the White Room masterpiece, escaped earlier and became part of a mafia group for protection? This will cover the topic on what changes and how Ayanokoji adapts. Timeline is beginning of year 2 and Ayanokoji is more sociopathic and psychotic, as most of his outside experience came from criminals. Goal is still the same, Ayanokoji is just a bit more experienced in criminal methods as we will see later on. Also, notable is that he has a few mental problems, especially personality disorder.

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Disclaimer

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Hello everyone, before starting, please note that this story contains graphic and violent scenery that isnt meant for everybody. If you cant handle mature topics such as abuse, torture, manipulation, etc. then dont read this.

Aside from that, in contrary to the canon storyline, this fanfic has some changes, such as:

-Ayanokoji has a sister.

-Ayanokoji is much more sociopathic and had a much worse past.

-Like already mentioned in the description, Ayanokoji once was part of the Mafia, and we'll see soon enough how this affects his everyday life.

-The narrator might differ on the different occasions and I might change it from 3rd to 1st perspection and vice versa if needed.

Enjoy your reading!

Chp.1 A new challange arises

I woke up at 6am. It was Monday and a new week freshly started. As I stood up from bed to carry out my daily routine, i felt a slight sensation of pain shooting through my knees.

At that time, I didnt pay it much attention, so I finished my morning at around 7am.

As I walked out of the boys dorms, someone approached me from behind and patted my shoulder.

"Good morning Kiyotaka, have you slept well?"

The person approaching me was Kei, my girlfriend.

"I have, what about you?" I replied.

"Very well!" she said.

We walked side by side, talking about the most different subjects as we walked to school. Me and Kei already made out relationship official, so pretty much everyone knows about us. Their reactions were a lot different then what I had in mind though. Horikita for example didn't care much, she was just slightly surprised, which is normal for her standards.

Hirata, her Ex, never really had a true relationship, outside of acting, with her either, so his reaction of having a smile on his face and being happy for me was quite natural, especially when you knew about him dating Kei in the first year was just an act.

I personally didn't really tell anyone directly, except for the Ayanokoji group, since most of these people would've figured it out

by themselves either way.

We revealed it around 1 week ago, so it wasn't even that much time since we said it.

When we finally arrived at the classroom, we both went to our separate desks and sat down.

Chabashira arrived, a more concerned and serious look on her face then what she normally wore. She placed a file on the front podium and looked at us.

No word.

Everyone by now noticed her change of expression and were completley silent.

This could only mean one thing...

"Students, I have bad news for you. The school has announced a new special exam."

Everyone was shocked to hear her drop such a bombshell.

"W-Wait what!?" Ike shouted as he stood up from his chair due to the surprise. A few more students stood up too, and a loud murmur could be heared from them, since they were either talking to their friends or muttering something to themselves.

"Everyone, please calm down! I know this is a surprise, but please remain silent." Graduallyl, as Chabashira said this, the sound of talking voices became dimmer and dimmer, till eventually reaching complete silence again. Chabashira took a moment and sighed deeply, probably to compose herself a little.

"These are sudden news even for us teachers. Since we didn't knew ouselves about this special exam, im afraid im just as surprised as you are. Still, despite the school coming up with it spontaniousley, we teachers can't do anything about it. *Sigh* Please listen, as I now will explain the rules and what it's even about,"said Chabashira.

For some reason, everyone felt a strange sense of unease when sensei said that.

She looked us dead in the eyes and begand explaining, making use of the projector she brought in earlier. She showed a presentation, listing the rules and location of this special exam. "Similar to last years sports festival, this year, we will have an almost identical case. But firstly, let me tell you something. I want to announce to you, before going into more detail about the special exam, that the OAA app will receive an update. Or rather said, a few updates."

An update?

The class began to murmur amongst them again, but Chabashira quickly shuts it down. "The OAA app up until now has 5 main categorys: Academic Ability, Physical Ability, Societal Contribution and Adaptability. These 4 categorys make the Overall Ability, which is the 5th. But the school decided to go a bit further. There will be more categorys, and these will also be important for the next

special exam, so listen carefully."

When Chabashira finished saying that, the projector showed an invented students OAA app status with two new categorys. Those were Psychological Ablity and Manipulative Capacity.

"Both of these new categorys are going to influence your overall score, and therefore, the better these are, the better this score will be. I'll explain both of them, starting with the first one, Psychological Ability. This category measures how strong mentally the student is, and opperates on different basis', such as emotional perception and inteligence, thinking, problem solving, reasoning, adversity coeffictient and much more," Chabashira said.

"And then we have Manipulative Capacity. This category covers on how good you can use your Psychological Ability to reform certain things to your benefits. An example of this would be pure emotional manipulation, deception, gaslighting, persuasion, triangulation, phsychological strategy, etc." she said.

This is interesting. The two new categorys basically shows us certain Psychological factors that are deep within our hearts. The first category, Psychological Ability, basically rates you on how mentally fit you are and how much potential you have; how much brute strenght your mind truly has. The other category, manipulative Capacity on the other hand, covers how good you can use those Psychologic Abilitys and how well you can apply them in the real world.

Looks like those two twin categorys could certyainly be very important in the future. I wonder what Horikita would have...?

"Chabashira-sensei," Horikita lifted her hand.

"Yes?"

"How are we going to measure them? I mean, it was already difficult enough to measure the adaptability and Societal Contribution; and those took a lot of time since they were mental. But pure Psychology?"

Horikita had a point; it would certainly be difficult for anyone to measure someones Psychological abilitys, especially with a lot of people.

"We previousley thought about that and the school already came up with a solution. Everyone here will undergo a Psychologic exam that'll measure this ability. There will be a few exceptions, but i'll get more into detail on that later," Chabashira declared.

"The Manipulative Capacity will inevetably change with time, but for now, your score on that part will just be the same as the one you have on Societal Contribution. With time, like I already mentioned, it will definitley change for better or worse, so watch out."

It's a way of doing things. If I were to lead a school like this, and needed to come up with a solution to evaluate my students Psychologic abilitys, very likley I would do the same thing, or at least something similar.

"When will this exam take place, sensei?" asked Hirata.

"In three days," she responded.

"Wh-Whaaat!?" the class screamed in union.

"Don't worry; this exam will be fundamentally different from the rest. Since it's meant to evaluate you on Psychologic abilitys, there will be no penalty for failing. In addition, you don't need to study for it either. Try imagining an IQ test. It's something very similar, only that it evalues your mind in a more phsycho analystic way, and not directly into pure logic and reasoning."

Sureley, this calmed the class down a bit, but nonetheless, the mood remained opressive and serious.

"Chabashira-sensei," said Horikita. "Before telling us about this exam, you told us that there were a few exceptions that didn't need to take the test. Why and who?"

"Through consideration of the school, some students who have had some problems in the past or a criminal record will be given 70 as a direct score," she answered.

"Why that?"

"Because students like those were estimated to have this kind of ability on average. However, just like anyone else, this score will change with time, be it to the better or the worse. I personally disagree with that approach, but the school can't test every single one of you, so they just decided to do that. By the way, the category of Phsychological Ability is fixed, hence it won't contribute to your Overall Ability. Only the Manipulative Capacity will be influencing that. The Phsychological Ability is more like an indicator for the Manipulative Capacity, that's why on your phones, this category will be shown in a different color," Chabashira told us.

You could already see that on the projector, but I took my phone out and checked either way, just like the rest of us. It's true, the Psychological Ability is written in green, indicating that this score will be unchangable or very hard to change and that the main category here will be Manipulative Capacity.

This wasn't the problem here though. The problem was that they already updated the app and showed who needs to do the test and who not! That's bad... very bad. Tsukishiro was very likley involoved in this, considering that on my phone there was an icon saying that I don't need to do that test.

On the first glance that might seem like a good thing, but... it's not.

It just indicates that I commited some crimes in the past and had a criminal record, or that I had some mentionable fights. For some people like Sudou it was just natural. We already knew that he used to get into fights regulary in the past; but me? People saw me as an average student, so of course that's exceptionally bad for my image.

I could breathe relativley lightly though. After all, they didn't say why you had this icon, so I can easily lie to people about it and say that I once came into a fight or something. If they were to show why I had this icon... no. I stopped thinking about it and was just greateful that they did not show the reason for the icon.

It was puplic to see in the OAA app after all, so once a bit of time passed, people began noticing it and looking at me. Just as I saw that Yukimura was about to approach me, Chabashira began talking again, saving me from a large explaination; at least for now.

"Now that it is settled, a few days after this test, the special exam will begin. I'm afraid I still can't tell you the specific rules of it, but like mentioned before, it will be very similar to the sports festival last year. You will be competing against another class of your same grade, but this time it's not about sports. Like I said before, the update of the OAA app has something to do with it, so the 'challanges' will be psychological for most of the part. The locations will differ too, but you'll get that information after the test." With that said, Chabashira shut down the projector and began teaching the class.

This will certainly be an interesting special exam...

Chp.2 Old friend, you returned?

Reads: 136 | Votes: 8 | Comments: 0

The class bell rang. As Chabashira walked out of the classroom, the talking voices of the students became louder and louder. Students got up and went over to their friends' desks to chat. Yukimura looked at me and motioned me to come over to him. He didn't exactly look pleased and wore a rather serious expression.

When I stood up though, something strange happened. The pain from today morning returned. It hit me like a full loaded truck, straight into my right knee. I immediatley sat back down.

What the...?

Why am I feeling this so suddenly? I thought it went away.

Yukimura saw me not getting up from my desk, so he instead decided to approache me first.

"Kiyotaka, you alright? you look like you've seen a ghost."

He looked a bit concerned, but quickly examined my lower body

under the desk.

I held my right knee tightly and my arm was shaking. "What was that pain?" I asked myself at that moment. I snapped back, and the first thing I did when I saw him was to take my hand off of my knee in a rush.

"Ah, yes, I'm fine," I quickly responded. "Is there anything you want, Yukimura?"

"Uhm... well yeah, I wanted to ask you what happened in the past?"

"In the past? What are you talking about?" I said in a rather confused tone of voice.

Of course I knew what he was referring to. The icon On the OAA app...

This isn't the optimal outcome but I knew I couldn't hide it from him. I needed an excuse to lie and...

Ugh!

The pain is back again... That is definitley not good. I needed an excuse, and fast!

"Well, you know, why... why do you have that icon on your profile?" he asked curiously.

"You see Yukimura, believe it or not, in the past I had a few little fights with some people, and, well, looks like they're hunting me now..." I responded.

That should be believable enough for the time being.

"I see... but... why have you never said anything about it?"

"I..." Shit, it hurts. I need to get out of here.

I stood up from my seat and quickly grapped my bag.

"Kiyotaka?"

"Sorry, I'm not feeling so good. We'll continue this conversation a different time, alright?"

I quickly walked past him, but just as i was about to leave the classroom I heard a voice shout out to me.

"Ayanokoji-kun, do you have a minute?"

It was Horikita who shouted out to me. I didn't turn around but i could already imagine the expression on her face. An emotionless and not welcoming glare, directed straight at me.

"Sorry, but i can't right now. Can we please do this a differnt time?" I asked without turning around.

"Why that? Somewhere you need to go? It'll only take a minute."

Before I knew it, I turned half around. "I'm afraid I can't," I said as I looked her dead in the eyes.

"You're creeping me out. It'll just be a second, and-"

"I said no!" I responded subconsciousley.

What just happened? I havn't screamed but I was clearley pissed off. Why did I react like this? Ugh, the pain is still there...

"Geez, no need to get aggresive; we'll just talk a different time then. What got into you?" she asked me, looking surprised.

I can't really take it as a bad blooded thing, I mean, not even I myself knew where that answere came from. I just knew that if I wouldn't take my leave now, my knee might get even worse then before.

I quickly took off and headed to the boys dorms, completley ignoring what Horikita just said. I felt my muscles growing tighter and my eyelids become heavier.

When I arrived at my room, I quickly shut the door and headed straight to a chair.

"What's wrong with me? What is this feeling?"

I took off my pants to look at my knee, but... nothing. Nothing was wrong with it. I didn't understand why at this point in time, but for some reason, the pain from my knee transfered to somewhere else.

I left out a painful scream, not very loud but definitley enough to hear from outside my room. Then I placed my hand on my face, Covering the left side of it with my left hand, putting a little gap between my fingers for my left eye to look through. It hurt. It hurt so badly.

Why am I hearing voices? And where are they coming from? And why... am I smiling!?

As I thought that, the painfull stings suddenly stopped. With no time to throw away, I quickly got up and ran to my bathroom, almost falling over and just barely catching myself at the sinck.

I looked into the mirror, and what I saw.... what I saw was something horrifying.

I smiled, didn't even know why, but I did. It was a bright, phsychotic smile that I couldn't stop. I even tried to, but... nothing. My eyes were redder then usual, and it seems like I scratched my face from earlier, since there was a small wound. A little scratch, just small enough for a few drops of blood to shiver down my cheek.

The thing that I saw in the mirror wasn't myself, but a completley dark environment, Just one tiny light. It was this room, but the mirror reflected it like I hadn't turned the lights on. Just one pittyful solemn light bulb that gleamed weakly and made a silent flickering sound.

I saw my reflecton, but... that wasn't me. It's hard to describe, but if I'd have to say something it most certainly seemed like a demon. As I looked at the shadowy figure, it was hard to recognize. It's statue was clearly me, but covered in a completley black liquid. It was like a poisen and gave off a strange sensation.

I moved my right arm to my left, and indeed, he did the exact same

movements as me. It really was my own reflection.

Am I hallucinating? Maybe I am dreaming? Did I somehow piss off Horikita so badly that she punched me with her waterbottle again? If so, am I unconscious?

As i couldn't help but wonder, the strange presence suddenly moved.

"What the...?" I said in surprise.

"Kiyotaka." It said.

"You can talk?"

"I can do much more then that."

"Who are you?"

I tried making eye contact with it, but does he even have eyes?

"Kiyotaka, I am you. I'm your subconscious mind," he said.

"My subconscious mind? And you expect me to believe that?" I replied.

"We both know that right now, the thing you're experiencing is something within your own mind, so it's not as unbelievable as it seems."

"Where am I?"

"This is your mind, your very own head," he said as he pointed towards me.

"So I am talking to myself then?"

"Yes, that is correct."

I wasn't exactly shocked, but... let's just say it was a little surprise. I read about it. In a book that Hiyori recommended me, it was mentioned that in extreme situations the mind worked differentley. On extreme physical pain, one might begin to hallucinate and to talk to themselves; I just didn't expected it to be so straight forward.

just as i was about to ask another question though, my subconsciousness interrupted me with an elevated and a little disturbing voice.

"Kiyotaka! Kiyotaka wake up! Kiyotakaaaa!!!"

Splash

I threw up a notable amount of blood out of my mouth. As I slowley regained contiousness, I realised that I was laying on the ground in front of my bathroom sinck, crupled like a sack of potatoes. I felt soreness on every single part of my body.

Just how long was I unconscious for?

Suddenly I felt something. A burning sensation of pain was hammering right into my left arm. I sat myself up on the ground, and I felt something... no... someone touching my arm. it was like a

light brush on my skin. I couldn't help but noticfe that it was already dark inside of my room, which means that it's likley already night and dark outside; thus, my eyesight was very poor.

I slowley turned to my left, not making any hasty movements. I couldn't distinguish the thing that was touching me from the warmth of a human body, and therefore I was more cautious.

As I saw the shadowy creature gone when a glimps of my eyes met the mirror, and the reflection of them back to normal, I wondered wether I truly talked to myself or not. But quickly my attention fell back to the thing touching me. When I finally looked closer at my left arm I saw it...

Blood.

Huge amounts of blood were streaming down my left arm due to multiple wounds and scratches. This wasn't the most horrifying part though. the reason those scratches and cuts were there in the first place was because my right arms was constanty scratching my left arm.

I looked at the scene, completley dumbfounded, as my right arm didn't stop despite me already realising what happened.

Quickly I grabbed my right arm with my left hand, and only then it began to stop resisting. I felt numb, a stir of weakness spreading accross my whole body. I suddenly felt the pain and just how much it actually burned. I lost high amounts of blood, so it's just natural after all; but still, I couldn't help but wonder *why did I do that?*

I stood up, oppressing the urge to throw myself onto the bed and just sleep in. When I turned on the lights of my whole dorm room, I could fnally see what time it was. Around 9:30pm, with the outside being already pitch black with a dark blue night sky.

When I turned back to look at my bathroom floor, there was a lot of blood, all once squeshed between the flesh and muscles of my forearm.

"Oh right, it would be better for me to clean this mess up," I said aloud as I turned the focet of my sinck on.

While washing my wounds in the cold water, I thought about how I'd passed out. the mystery of why I subconsciousley scratched myself remained hidden.

I closed the focet again and was about to clean the bathroom floor, when suddenly I heard something.

Knock knock knock

Who would come visit me at such hours?

I couldn't help but wonder, so naturally, curiosity gained the better of me. As I looked through the peep hole, there was a feminine figure outside, waiting for me to open the door.

It is... Kei!?

Golden fur drained by the red rain

Reads: 115 | Votes: 8 | Comments: 3

Kei was knocking at my door while I was still completley unprepared. I quickly grabbed a long sleeved T-shirt and put it on, then closed the bathroom door and opened the door.

Squeesh

I unlocked it slowley till it stood completley open.

"Kei? What are you doing here?" I asked my girlfriend.

"Ah, Kiyotaka, you're still awake. Can I come in?" She asked in return.

"Sure," I replied while I motioned her to come through the wide opened door. "So, what brings you here at such hours Kei?"

I was curious as to why she came here so late on. After all, our relationship was revealed a week ago or so, thus there is no reason to come late to hide that fact.

"Well, I wanted to return the notebook you gave me. I already copied the notes of when I was sick and since tomorrow is the

exam, I figured you might need it," she told me as she handed me my history notebook.

"Thank you, but you didn't need to do so," I remarked.

"No buts Kiyotaka, just accept it."

"...Alright then."

It did not seem like she was about to stay long as it was already dark outside, but something caught her attention. On the corner of her eyes she saw a seemingly interesting object that she hasn't seen before.

"Kei?"

She just ignored me and walked past me, heading to my bed. I just let her be but didn't exactly grasp her intentions. She took the picture frame that was sitting there on the side of my bed and looked at it.

Oh right, I normally hide it in a drawer when someone's over.

"Kiyotaka... who is that?" she said as she pointed at the woman in the picture who stood besides me with a big, happy smile.

I walked over to where she stood and looked over her shoulder.

"Kiyotaka..." her voice sounded a bit weaker and sharper then usual.

"Why do you have a picture with a girl?"

So that's what this is about...

I remained silent for a bit before taking the picture frame withy my right hand.

"Kiyotaka, why aren't you saying something? You're not... you're not cheating on me, right...? Ki-Kiyotaka...?"

I expected that she would think such a thing when seeing this picture.

"No Kei, I'm not cheating on you. That woman on this picture is my sister." I replied. And it was the truth, she really was my twin sister, but... Kei didn't seem really convinced by that. She looked more serious then usual and her eyes were a bit more watery too, not like there was a tear, but definitley a bit more shiny.

Kei looked at me with a piercing glance, but her gaze quickly shifted past me to somewhere else. To be more precise, she was now looking at the closed bathroom door with her eyelids in a more shut position, giving off a suspicious look.

"Why is your bathroom door closed, Kiyotaka?" She asked me while walking past me. Despite me trying to grap her arm, she was already long out of my reach. I remained silent, as I couldn't come up with an excuse to why my door remained closed. I tried to stop her but I remained still when she lookd at me, standing right before the closed door.

"Kiyotaka, are you hiding something from me? What's in there?" she asked.

Not good. She's suspecting something from me, what do I do? iImean... I never really ever closed my bathroom door, so I guess it's just natural, but...

"What makes you think that?" I basically made a counterquestion as to not give out a straight answere. Maybe that was a little to rough of an answere considering that she was already suspecting me from hiding something though.

"You're lying," she said.

"Why would I lie? I just closed the door because I wanted to test something, that's it."

"If you are truly not cheating on me, then you wouldn't mind me going in, no?"

...

Silence.

I didn't respond to that, as I'm now in a deep dilemma. On one hand, I could just let her in and tell her the truth, or maybe just come up with an excuse, but then she might be a problem; and thats the last thing I needed right now. On the other hand, I could just tell her a lie right away, hoping that she'll acceot it and stop herself from going inside, but this might counterfire as she might really think that I'm cheating on her.

What do I do?

"Look Kei, I'm not cheating on you. It's just... I broke the mirror in there, so now the entire floor is covered in glass splitters. I wanted to clean it up tomorrow, so I closed the door so no glass splitters will come out of there and I won't cut myself," I answered.

So I chose the second option after all, huh?

"Really? Then let me take a look inside if you're not hiding anything and that is really true," she said in a suspicious tone of voice, clearly conttradicting the best case scenario.

"I am afraid I can't let you do that. You might cut yourself too if you enter, you know?"

"Yeah yeah, sure. And I'm also sure that this girl on the foto was just your sister, really."

She sounded completley sarcastic.

"Kei wai-!"

As she opened the door she fell completley silent. Her legs shivered a bit and she became weaker. Her eyes widened, her face became pale and her pupiles shut tight. Her breath was slow and deep. She trembled a little, but in overall just stayed completley still, as if any move would mean her death. Frightened she opened her mouth, but

no word came out.

Slam

Before I knew it, I smashed her forehead on the sinck. It gave off a loud, hollow sound and she immediatley fell uncounscious on the ground.

What have I done?

I asked myself why I, just out of instinct, smashed her uncounscious.

"Right, I remember now... this voice..." I said as I looked on Keis now sensless body.

I heared it again. But why? And why did I act like that? It was like my body moved without my permission. How is this even possible!? Fuck, now I have a real problem!

I sighed, then I carefully lifted her up and placed her laying on my bed. She bled on the spot I slammed onto the sinck, but thank god I didn't left any serious injuries. The thing is, I'm basically like Sudo would say, fucked. An it was true. How can I explain this?

If something like that came out, I could very well be arrested! But luckly I had an idea.

Something we used to do often in the mafia back when I was still there. It's a simple saying, "If you have serious trouble where you can't get yourself out, frame someone for it, and the masses his name will shout".

That's it, that's genius!

I suddenly became an idea.

I will just leave her crippled bodie on a bank in the park and some empty alcohol bottles around her. Therefore when she wakes up, she will just think it was all a dream. To make it even more credible, I will write her an anonymous letter saying that when she wakes up she shouldn't sleep drunk for hours in public. I'll just fake the handwriting into something messier then my usuall one, and woala! The only problem would be her head injurie...

As I thought about that, the first thing I did was wipe off the blood on her forehead with a handkerchief. Cautiousley, I lifted her up again. Arm in arm, it kinda seemed like we were just a normal couple walking. Now I just needed the alcohol bottles. I left Kei locked up in my room and walked to the shop in a hurry. I needed to steal some beer cans.

Of course for someone with my experience, stealing a few alcohol bottles was nothing to me. Just a simple task with the objective to frame someone for something they didn't do.

As said as done, I walked away with a total of 4 beer bottles, all stuffed in my school bag. I was lucky I arrived fast since the shop

was about to close. It was almost 10pm, and since we students couldn't walk around after that time, I rapidly hurried back.

I took Kei into my arms, in a position that seemed like we were just walking, and walked her to a bank standing in a more isolated area of the park. I let her down on there and quicklys placed the bottles around her, emptying them on the green grass that was drowned in darkness. Following the setup, there was just one thing left to do... the paper. I placed it in her skirt pocket, looking half way out of it so she would notice it once she woke up.

I went back to my room and closed the door.

Hopefully no one will catch her, or even worse, expell her.

In the worst case scenario, expulsion was a real existing threat, so I naturally hoped that it wouldn't come that far. Since I had beat her uncounscious almost immediatley, it doesn't seem so unrealistic for her to belive that she was just dreaming. The thing that was truly hard to believe was that she was drunk.

It was meant more like as a camouflage for the outside world raher then for herself. I wrote the paper in a way that resembled some of her friends handwriting, so maybe she'll belive that they convinced her to take a sip. She probably will have a headache after this, so it's not so unrealistic. Also, you could say that she ran aginst a metal pipe or something when she was drunk and fell uncounscious due to the impact. It's opened to her imagination, and exactly that was the part of it that I personally liked.

This evening I finished cleaning up the blood in my bathroom and applied some cream onto my left arm. I still thought about this new test and the entire special exam thing, but when I closed my eyes I fell asleep very rapidly.

The last thing I thought about was this voice again. For some reason, it remined me of someone I knew... but who?

I stoped paying it attention and fell asleep shortly after, already mentally transcending into the world of sleep.

Water dropplets full of pain

Reads: 95 | Votes: 6 | Comments: 2

It was 5am in the morning. I made sure to wake up earlier today, since I needed to prepare a few things.

"Good morning Mayumi."

As I finished wishing my sister good morning, I prepared myself likeI normally did. At 5:20am I was already leaving. Today I made sure to be quicker than usual.

As I walked out of the dorm rooms and was already outside of them, Someone approached me. She tapped my shoulder lightly, talking in a calm voice.

When I turned around to look at her, it was none other than Horikita herself.

"Good morning Ayanokoji-kun," she said, coldly like always.

"Morning, Horikita-san," I replied.

"Why are you awake so early, Horikita-san?"

"Funny, I wanted to ask you the same thing."

She had her school uniform already on and carried her school bag. This means that she must not want to return to the dorms before school starts. But why? School begins in around an hour, what will she do in the meantime?

As I was wandering this, she interrupted my thoughts with a steady tone of voice "I have a meeting with a few of our classmates if you must know," she said.

"A meeting?"

I was surprised since I didn't know of any meantings myself.

"yeah... the meating you were heading to, no?"

"Yes."

I may have just lied but I can't continue this conversation any further. I'm in a hurry, but at least now I know what she was trying to tell me yesterday.

"Then come on, let's go together," she said.

If I'd normally known about this meeting I would've said yes. But this time is different. I needed to get somewhere, but since I already lied, normally there would be no problem whatsoever in going with her.

"I can't, I need to go somewhere else first. i'll come afterwards,' I responded,

"Mind telling me where you go?"

"..."

"*Sigh* good, then no, see you at the meating Ayanokoji-kun."

She walked away in the direction of the library. I felt relieved, but there was no time for pauses. I quickly made my way to a specialised shop and rapidly grabbed a few things. First of all, 3 waterbuckets. Maybe they won't be enough, but they should be able to do it for now. Secondly, a drip bottle. And lastly, a new towel. When I was about to go pay though, I found an black eye mask on my way and decided to buy that too.

The cashier looked at me suspiciously, but just did his job. Once he was done, I straight up headed towards my room again. When I arrived, I placed all the items on the ground and hurried over to the park where Kei should be laying right now. And as expected, it was still too early for anyone to have noticed her since no one was really awake yet.

I hadn't expected the class meeting, and since some of my classmates will be there, I gotta be extra careful. I took the still unconscious Kei into my arms and carried her into my room. On the way, I made sure to take the longer paths to minimize the risks of detection, and also went extra careful and silent.

When I arrived, I placed Kei onto my bed and closed the door. I took out some of the rope I had in my room and tied her hands behind her back. I normally always had some rope ready, it was just a habit of mine that I began to have in the mafia and just stuck with me. I also took out some tape and placed it on Keis mouth, making her unable to speak. Finally, I placed the eye mask on her and also taped it on her head so it won't fall off and allow her to see, even if

just for a split second.

"Kei, wake up," I said while shaking her shoulders a little. I began shaking them rougher, but no response.

I sighed and went over to the sink. As I filled all three buckets with ice cold water, I regularly looked over at her, to see if she was awake yet. No luck. I also filled the drip bottle with it, but not exactly with cold water. Matter of fact, I filled it with boiling hot water and placed it onto my table. I carried Kei on the ground and shook her one last time. No response. I needed her to wake up, so I dipped her head in one of the ice cold buckets.

Kei finally woke up. Knowing how dangerous it could be to let the tape be on her mouth, I quickly ripped it off, allowing her to use her mouth as an extra to breathe. She choked hard as the water flew down her forehead coming from her long blonde hair. She took her time to get her breath and then finally spoke up.

"Wh-Where am I? H-Hello? Is anyone there!?" Her reaction was spot on, and to be honest, most people would react like that.

I needed to speak with her, but couldn't possibly just talk like that since she would easily be able to recognize me, or rather said, my voice. Luckily for me though, in the White Room they showed us how to control our vocal cords to a certain extent, giving us the ability to change the tone of our voice.

"Karuizawa-san, you've been brought here for certain reasons," I said with a now changed voice. I switched it to a lighter, but still

dangerous one.

"Wh-Who are you!? Where am I!?"

"You've been kidnapped, Kei Karuizawa, please refrain from shouting as it will have consequences on you."

She was silent for a moment before again returning to speak. "Wh-Why?"

It was only natural for her to want to know the reason for her kidnapping, but here's the twist, it's much more psychologically tormenting to not give away the reason, thus I refrained from doing so. Instead I just asked her straight forward, "What happened yesterday?"

"What? Wh-Why do you want to know?" she asked me in return. Kei seemed frightened, but not as much as I had imagined.

"If you want me to answer your question, answer mine first," I told her.

She seemed like she was thinking about it for a while, but then she nodded lightly. In her current state, she was definitely not in a position to make any counter offers or refuse, as it could turn out ugly for her in a certain way. That's probably the conclusion her mind came up with too since she then began to tell me everything.

She told me what she did on yesterday's morning, what she did at school, who she was talking to and what about, and finally... what she was doing at 10pm. Here's the part where she went to my room and saw me, so I was curious whether that hit I inflicted on her head was enough to not make her remember.

"I was visiting my boyfriend's room to give him back his history notebook, but his bathroom door was shut. He normally didn't do that and he also seemed a bit off. Furthermore, there was a picture of him with a girl, beside his bed, which he never showed me before. Despite him telling me that it was just his sister, I wasn't convinced by it and thought that he was cheating on me and the girl was in the bathroom. Then I opened the door, but instead.... instead I saw a bunch of blood. Following that, everything just turned black and the next thing I know is that I'm here. Ow... my head..."

Interesting. She remembers much more than I expected. I do think that her memories must be very blurry and that her head still hurts a lot. "Now it's your turn, who are you?" she said.

"*Blub* ghkk! Ugh *caught* I can't-"

I submerged her head into the cold water once again. I knew what I had to do. Kei knew too much. if i would just let her go, there's a good chance she might betray me. After she saw the blood, despite having her wrapped around my finger, she would break free from it at such extreme stakes. I need to make her forget... I truly felt sorry for what I was about to do to her.

I lifted her head out of the bucket once again, my firm grip on her hair. Kei caught violently, the cold water adding on to her shock. "Ah! *caught* you little-!" she said in a mad tone of voice before I submerged her once again.

"Do you remember?" I told her, knowing that Ryuen did something

similar to her in the first year, and at the same time, giving off the impression that I'm one of Ryuens minions. How else could I know? This time I held her under water for a longer period of time than before, making her struggle even more. She began to gasp, the water in the bucket gurgling intensely. As I pulled her out, she began sputtering badly, gasping for air.

I waited a few seconds for her to catch her breath, before saying 5 specific words. "Yesterday, bloody, 10, darkness, fire."

"Wha-!?"

Once again, I was dunking her under water, this time shorter than before. I took her forcefully out and repeated those five words fastly. i dunked her in and out, fast and slow, not even giving her the opportunity to speak. Gradually, I could feel how her body's strength decreased and how her resistance almost stopped entirely. Her body temperature began to cool down and her coughs were weaker than before. After the around 13th time i took her out, i left her there for a moment before asking her, "What happened yesterday night?"

After I finished my sentence, she began to speak in a lower, weaker tone of voice. "Aghh... p-please stop... I'm... *cough* drowning..." she was begging for mercy, begging to not be submerged once again. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, passing through the eye mask.

"I asked you a question," I replied.

She desperately told me the same thing as before, word for word. The only difference was that now she sounded much more

desperate and hurt than before. At the end she added a single question, "Why are you doing this?" I didn't answer that, and instead just looked at the clock. School was about to start and I still couldn't make her forget.

Sigh

I already wore my uniform and was ready to leave. Why do you have to do this so difficult, Kei? I got up and threw the water of the two remaining buckets onto her, making her completely wet.

"Ah! What are you-!?" she screamed, but I quickly placed the tape back onto her mouth, not allowing any words to come out of it. Then I reheated the water in the drip bottle and taped it to the ceiling. Now, I made my own torture device. I tied Kei to my bed so she couldn't move away, and placed her in a position where the burning water drops would irregularly drop on her face.

This torture method had lots of names and we used it in the mafia too. It's more like a psychological torture then a physical one, but you would under normal circumstances also just use normal water. I on the other hand used burning hot water, which made it much more painful. I also recorded my voice, saying those 5 words from before, and placed it on auto repeat next to Kei's ear. She made noises and struggled a lot, feeling the stings and burns on her face, but she couldn't even move away from it. I turned off the lights, making the environment even darker. The curtains were already closed and it was completely dark. I exited the room, and waited at the door for a few minutes, just to make sure you could not hear her from outside. Then, I began walking to class, leaving Kei behind. I knew it was cruel, but... why did I... like it...?

It felt so nostalgic, giving off a strange sense of comfort, feeling so... satisfying. I brushed off those feelings for now and walked towards the classroom. As I knocked on the door, Chabashira opened it, not seemingly very satisfied. When I looked at the projector and at the blackboard, I began to realise why that is. I was in deep shit right now...

Long lasted explanation

Reads: 64 | Votes: 5 | Comments: 0

As I looked at the blackboard the projector projected on, I knew this situation was bad. The results for all the students with the icon were shown there, and the school's estimated score on both of the new categories, Psychological Ability and manipulative Capacity.

It was only shown as one score though, as a mixture of both of them together. Nevertheless, this wasn't the real problem. The actual problem at hand was that my score was on top of all the names, with a perfect 100.

"Go sit down please," said Chabashira. I began moving to my seat in the very back, noticing all my classmates staring at me like they've just seen a ghost. Of course this was bad! very bad! It was almost impossible to get a perfect 100 A+ on any category and only very few students got an A at all. For example, Sudo had an A in physical ability, and he's one of the only people in this entire school to have gotten one. But an A+. It was almost impossible.

It seems even more impossible for someone who seems to be extremely average, like me, so the stares and glances were somehow justified.

I sat down, seemingly unfaced, but innerly I was cooking. It wasn't a pleasurable outcome at all, and I knew that. Despite all the glances, they rapidly returned their attention back to Chabashira. Seems like she was explaining something after all.

"So, Ayanokoji-kun, since you came late you might want to hear this. Everyone on this list who had the icon on their screen in the app has just been evaluated, of course people can access the scores through the app openly. Now to the real announcement. The psychological exams for everyone else are going to be written way sooner. Unexpectedly, all students with the icon have been evaluated way faster than expected and the preparations are already done; therefore the school doesn't want to waste its time and decided to postpone the exam to tomorrow," said Chabashira.

A slowly ascending murmur erupted in the classroom. Everyone seemed a bit surprised by this announcement, even Horikita. Despite that though, no one resisted and went up against it. To be honest, it doesn't change much anyways. We didn't need to learn for this exam in the first place, since it's more like an IQ test rather than a gradable worksheet. That was probably the reason why they didn't say anything to Chabashira and just whispered and snickered with their friends.

"Having said that, tomorrow at school hours, everyone of those who need to take the exam will be gathering in the sports hall. Further instructions will be given to you there. The already analyzed students don't need to come to school tomorrow. That's all."

The class continued as usual after this, with no really mentionable things. Thing is, most of my classmates seemed like they wanted an explanation from me, but I don't had the time. I needed to get back to Kei as fast as possible.

Just as I thought that, the class bell rang. Upon hearing that, I quickly got up and took my bag. I walked to the door, but midway

someone shouted out to me.

"Ayanokoji-boy, where do you think you are going? Trying to escape I see?" It was none other than Koenji, sitting comfortably in his chair, legs crossed and on the table, looking into his mirror. I stood still as I heard him. Looks like the one who caught me wasn't anyone really close to me like I expected.

I turned around to look at him, but what I saw was not him alone, but half of the class glancing at me. The other half left for club activities or were still packing their things together. Haruka was the one to approach me first. "Kiyopon, do you have a moment?"

Fuck! This isn't good. I can't deny her. That's not an option, and I knew it. Behind her stood both Yukimura and Sakura, seemingly curious. Miyake was still packing together his stuff, but you could see on his face the paced up movements he made because he wanted to hear this.

"Sure," I responded after some time.

"Good. You see, can you please explain why you have a perfect 100?" asked Yukimura, stepping one step further towards me.

"I'm afraid I can't."

"Why?"

...

I didn't say anything, as I hadn't gotten an answer myself. I needed an excuse. luckily for me though, once I stepped into this classroom this morning, I thought about a few possible and also believable excuses. Till now, even though I hoped to not be forced into lying, I had no other options left.

I sighed and said, "You see, it's just a thing I have. I can't really explain it myself."

"What do you mean 'it's a thing you have'?" asked Haruka.

"What I mean by this is that I didn't expect to get a perfect score either. I knew that I was pretty good at this whole psychologic stuff, but I didn't expect it to be this high."

"Then might explain to us why it is so high? Or let me rephrase it, why have you never said anything about it nor ever really used it?" asked Yukimura.

"You see, I-" just as I was about to say something, Horikita emerged from behind me and stepped up beside me.

"Because I asked him to,"she said firmly.

"You... asked him too?' said Yukimura puzzled.

"Indeed."

"But why?"

"Think about it, have you ever seen a special exam where true psychological abilities were required to its maximum potential? There was no true opportunity for Ayanokoji-kun to show his abilities in that category, so he just refrained from doing so in general, but I did ask him to not do it either way," Horikita said.

"But, this doesn't make any sense! Why?" said Haruka.

"It does. Think about it, why would Ayanokoji-kun show his abilities if he's not truly required too? It's simple, it's better for him to not do so since other classes could use that t6o their advantage. look at it like this, with the current special exam coming up we have an ace up our sleeve and no one knows about it. In other words, Ayanokoji-kun is something like a secret weapon, that's why I told him not to do his normal mental tricks stuff."

Yeah, thank you very much Horikita! I couldn't have handled this without you, you bitch! *Sigh* Now I can't refuse. I'm basically obligated to help her and my classmates for the next Special Exam thanks to Horikita here. But hey, good played at least...

"Is that true...?" said Yukimura looking at me

I stayed silent for a few moments before responding, "Yes it is."

"Seems pretty believable, don't you think? Seems like something Horikita-san could totally pull off," said Hirata to Yukimura. He was one of the most influential people here and it seems like this helped a lot since most of the students here began nodding their heads, slowly, in aprovel.

"I mean... kinda, yeah but... why do you even have that score in the first place Kiyotaka?"

"I was born like this."

"You were what?" asked Haruka, taking the initiative away from Yukimura.

"I said I was born like this. So like when people are born with some talent towards something, I was born with a good ability to see through people and stuff."

Of course that was just one little part of the truth. Surely I could see through people and read them like they're an open book, but I can do so much more. Still, in those kinds of situations I don't really need to say much more since their thirst should be stilled by now.

"Kinda makes sense if you ask me. I mean, every time he shows me a magic trick or something he always gets me and in general, that role kinda fits him," said Miyake who was now standing beside Haruka.

Editor's note: Miyake = Akito's first name

He's right, it did kinda fit me in some parts. but still, the real question now is whether the rest will believe him or not.

"Magic tricks?" said Haruka, puzzled.

"Yes? Wait, you didn't know?" said Miyake in return.

"Well no, wait, Kiyopon, what does he mean by 'every time you showed him magic tricks'?"

"He means the thing that he said, that everytime I showed him a magic trick I managed to pretty much every time impress him."

"Since when do you do magic tricks?"

"Since always?"

"You never told us that you could do that," she said.

"You never asked..." I replied.

This is getting us nowhere, but as long as it serves as a distraction, it should be okay. More and more eyes are taken off of me after all, since they all want to leave already. There are still some people here, but our unrelated talk should be able to kick them out sooner or later.

"What do you mean 'you never asked'? It's not something that you would just ask someone."

"It is. Miyake asked me," I told her.

"True."

At least he has my back.

"Wha... Why would you just ask him this!?" said Haruka.

"I was curious, OK!? We talked about something and it shifted towards magic, so I asked him if he knows a trick or two, that's it. Why is this even important? weren't we just talking about something else, completely unrelated?" responded Miyake.

"...Good, whatever, you're right. Kiyopon, we're not done here yet."

"..."

"The school measures those who have the icon on what type of trouble they got themselves into and how well they handled it. So for you to have a perfect 100..."

"...I had some problems in the past, OK? I'd prefer not to talk about it..."

"of course you do..."

"Leave him alone Haruka, he did nothing wrong. if he doesn't want to talk about it, so be it. we can't obligate him, and if we're being real, he just followed Horikita's orders, no?" said Yukimura.

Haruka sighed, but then nodded her head. "Sorry..."

"It's fine."

"Can I go now?" I asked.

"Not so fast, you still have some explaining to do," said Horikita strictly. "Why weren't you at the meeting this morning?"

Right, the meeting... it's not like I forgot, but dealing with Kei was more important at that time. Of course I can't tell her this, but I also thought about a possible solution to get myself out of here.

"I met someone on the way and he needed my help. It took longer than I expected though, so the meeting was already over when I arrived."

"Is that so? Because as far as I know, Hirata was the last one to stay there and when I asked him, he said he didn't see you. On top of that, who was the person that would ask you for help?"

"That's hurting..."

"It's the truth."

"He told me to not tell people, and I promised I won't, so I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"of course you can't..." Horikita sounded exasperated, like she already expected such an answer. "Just leave..."

She didn't need to tell me twice. I walked out of there with a picked up pace, straight on the way to my dorm room. I needed to get to Kei as fast as possible. The worst case scenario would be if she would still remember about what happened yesterday, because if she does...

Sigh I hope she doesn't, but... why is one side of me hoping that she still remembers?

Memory erasure

Reads: 60 | Votes: 6 | Comments: 0

I was on my way to the boys dorms, walking as fast as posible. When I finally stood in front of my room, I thought about the two options I had.

Option number 1, Kei remembers everything. If that was the case than I would need to frame her in a serious crime to get her expelled, as normal torture won't be enough to make her forget, and using stronger methods is a no since if I'd do that and she decides to talk t someone about it, a complete investigation will be launched and I might get discovered.

Option numnber 2, Kei made progress in forgetting. Even if she still remembers a few things, I can absolutley work with that. It would show that her minds and memories are bendable, and in fact, that would be the better option out of these two.

Just when I was about to enter though, I felt this weird sensation again. It's hard to describe, but the closest thing I could associate it with would be a weak feeling of happiness.

I felt my facial expression uncontrolably change into a slight smirk. When I moved my hands up tp my face though, and felt this small smirk, it went back to my normal expressiojnless face in an instancde. I couldn't help but wonder about it, but I had bigger problems for now. Since there still was the issue with Kei, I put it aside for now and opened my room.

I walked in and rapidly closed the door behind me. The first thing I

did after that was to throw my school bag into a corner of the room and walk up tp Kei.

As expected, the drip bottle was emptied out. I saw Kei's face, her body completley immobile, straped to the bed. Her face was distorted, burns varying from first to second degree burns all over her. Most of Kei's face was red and very swallen. A lot of her facial tissues and skin were wet, and scarring was extensive in some areas. Her nose, for example, was on one side a mix of deep black and purple, and on the other completley red. Blisters were all over her, and if it wasn't for me covering her mouth and eyes, through the inmense swelling I could probably not even find them.

There were bleeding areas and wounds, some older some more recently. At one certain region on her forehead, you could even see some flesh and raw tissue through the pelt off skin. Her cheeks were so burned, if you concentrated a little bit, you could notice some of her facial muscles that would normaly lay under her skin.

When I went a step closer, Kei noticed my aproach and began to scream. Or let me rephrase that, she tried but faild to do so. Her already weak body couldn't break the tape on her mouth, doesn't matter how hard she tried. She struggled but couldn't do anything.

As I aproached her completley, my hand reached out to her in order to remove the tape. Eventually, I did remove it.

"...You bastard!" Kei said in a weak voice, almost whispering.

"My My, bottle already empty? it sure fucked you up," I said with the changed tone of voice. The phones battery of my phone that I placed next to Kei's ear died a time ago too. If I had to say, it probably lasted for around four and a half hours, since it didn't had full battery when I left. After realising that, I quickly grabbed my phone and put it on it's charger.

"Help! Someone! Pleeease!!!" kei screamed with her last strenght. I didn't expect her to have so much spirit left, despite being so damn broken.

I quickly made my way over to Kei again and pressed my right hand onto her mouth, not allowing her to speak. When I did that though, she began to struggle, and then she bit me. her teeth were pressing on my hand, rapidly making it bleed. Naturally I removed my hand quickly, but she instantly used this opportunity to scream for help.

Smack

I smacked her with the same hand she bit, making a cold sound that echoed through the room. I then pressed both of my hands onto her mouthy, this time not allowing her to even open it a little.

"You bitch!" I screamed, not loud but very much hearable. of course I don't really mean it, it's just the most apropiate reaction from a kidnapped and tortured girl after all. I didn't scream because of the pain, no, I screamed to make it more believable. Kei knows my fighting ability and my patience level, so if I do thise, her subcounscious mind will aoutomatically exclude the idea of me being the kidnapper.

Finally, the moment has come, will she remember yesterday or not? The method I used was a mix of psychologic torture and physical torture, for one reason in specific. When you inflict such pain and mental trauma into someone, their mind trys to save themselves. It trys to avoid it. It trys to get out of there. It's the human instinct that reacts in those kinds of situations. Thanks to this, it's not like you think through pure logic in these scenarios, making your mind manipulable.

The only problem was that Ryuen already used such a tortur on Kei when he first tried to find X. Therefore, Kei's mind already

experienced such a situation, making her more prepared and harder to break. Thus, I had no choice but to go one step further with the boiling hot water. It's a very useful and painful torture method that I came up with when I still used to be with the mafia.

Than the phone on repeat. The human mind is very interesting. One of the reasons for that is how being under the survival instinct changes your mind and thoughts. How it makes it more bendable. When I made her listen the autoreplay while getting tortured, she will associate it with this torture. What I'm doing is create a mental trauma within her, forcefully. if you think about it for a while, the five words that repeat themselves are all associated with yesterdays scene of the bathroom. For example, the word 10 is resembling the hour in which it happened, or the word darkness is resembling, both methaforically and literally, the darkness she saw when she entered.

Those kinds of hints enter in her subcounscious brain, even if shye doesn't want to. It's a psychological phenomenon that the mind will forget such trauma like torture and what it's associated with. As long as her subcounscious mind associates yesterday's bathroom with thise torture, her human survival instinct will prevent her from trying to remember that scene; thuse it will seem surreal and fake, like a bad dream.

Knowing this, I asked her, "Karuizawa-san, what happened yesterday at 10pm? And if you scream, I'll refill this bottle."

I let go of her mouth, giving her the opportunitry to talk again, but still having warned her about not trying anything stupid.

"I-I... don't know,"{ shye said with a rather scared tone of voice.

"Just try remembering it. WShat happenmed yesterday evening, Karuizawa-san? What happened?"

"I... I don't-"

Just when she said that something changed in her behaviour. Her lips slowly curled up and she showed her theeth. She breathed faster, her hesart rate going up. I saw tears coming down her cheeks from underneth the eye mask. She made some rather unpleasant swound, moaning in pain but at the same time laughing slightly. I did it... I broke yher completley.

"I don't know! I don't know! I don't kno-!"

"Shhhh, it's fine Karuizawa-san, you're safe now," I said as I began to gently choke her with both of my hands.

"*Urgh... blah...* ah... Ah..." she muttered as the air in her lungs didn't refill.

I succeeded. I inflicdted her a mental trauma in such a place where she would forget about yesterday evening completley. And onj top of that, I deceived her into thinking that I had nothing to do with this and that 8it was most likley a different class, trying to get information out of her.

"Go..."

I heard it again... that voice... it returned.

"What do you mean, go?"

No response. But just as I thought about that, my fingers bean to squeez harder. i couldn't control them. Kei struggled harder, her entire body resisting. I felt joy. Joy! But why?

My mouty began to form a disturbing smirk, my eyes widening. I began increasing my strenght, and then... I laughed. I laughed

quietly at the scene of slowly killing Kei. A bit of saliva came out of her mouth, her eyes also becoming redder than usual. After that, her eyes closed. She was uncounscious, but... I didn't stop. i instead heared that voice again.

"Go... Go... Go...! go! Go! Go!!! GO!!!" it didn't stop. If this pace kept up, I could really kill Kei through suffocating her. I can't control my hands! What is this!?

I needed to come up with a solution, quickly, so i decuided to do it. I pressed my face up my hands, and opened my mouth. I bit my hand so hard, sticky, thin, warm blood began streaming out of it; but it refrained from stopping. No matter how hard i bit, it wouldn't come off. I than had a different idea. If i couldn't stop my hands from chocking her, I could at least stop myself. Having said that, I began smashing my head onh t5he floor.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

It began bleeding, but I didn't stop there. I went harder, faster, stronger. I could feel my bones coliding with the floor, the blood firmly being sucked out of me. I had to fall unconscious before I killed Kei. Suddenly though, when I was about to smash my head against the floor one last time, with all my might; my hands appeared to stop. They stopped choking Kei and instead went to the floor. i smacked my own hands, probably breaking a few of the bones in them. It hurt, but I regained my composure and the control over my own body.

I got up and sat down on my bed, right next to Kei.

"What exactly are you?" I asked that voice from before. Is it really my subcounscious mind? Is that really possible?

No response.

I sighed and than got up, heading towards the sinck. I firstly began washing my bleeding head with ice cold water and than I bandaged my head. I untied Kei afterwards, and then I let her lay on the bed for now, already having removed the eyemask from her face.

I once again examined her and came up with the conclusion that her burns will mostly heal in a few weeks, since most of them were goodly distributed and not too deep. the only real deep one was the now visible flesh on her forehead. Since I wanted to give her subcounscious mind the illusipon that forgetting about yesterday wiull save her, i bandaged that are on her head as well

there was no time to rest, so I quickjly cleaned up the blood on the floor and threw away the drip bottle that I used for Kei.

When I finished, I let myseld down on the bed next to Kei and just closed my eyes to rest for a bit. My wouds still hurted; thus it's only natural for me to not push myself anymore if there's no reason to do so. I was basically just waiting for it to become evening so that I could carry kei into her dorm room or just back to the bench. I couldn't help but wonder thoug... why did I feal so pleasant when I almost killed Kei?

Shiro

Reads: 63 | Votes: 5 | Comments: 0

"Where am I? Who is this?"

"It's me Kiyotaka."

That mirror again... why am I still even looking at it?

"Because I am you."

"Get out of my mind!"

I woke up, shocked. Sweat was running down my cheeks and I was breathing heavily. My heart rate was fast, unsteady. My eyes were flickering and my entire body was shaking. What is happening to me? I haven't felt like this in years...

I calmed myself down and looked to my side. Kei was still laying there, unconscious. It was 9:22pm, perfect timing.

"I did sleep in after all, huh...?" I muttered to myself.

I am completely calm now. Getting up from bed I opened a curtain to look at the people outside. No one. I couldn't see anyone. The sun was still setting and there was still a bit of light left, but since we

can't go outside after 10pm, I suppose most students should be at home or about to go home right now.

"I do hope it's the latter..." I said to myself. Most certainly, considering that tomorrow is the psychological exam, most students will be nervous or at least a little shaken up. Thus, the vast majority shouldn't feel like going out with their friends today. It's comparable to knowing that you will suffer in the near future and can't do anything about it. Despite being pretty much powerless though, you don't feel like doing anything because of it. Another reason why the human mind is so interesting.

I got back to reality and quickly made my way to Kei. I took her in my arms and held her in a way that from afar you could mistake us for just a couple walking. Before heading out though, I searched in her pockets for a moment. Not surprisingly, I found her keys. I already knew that she must have had them with her. Seems like I was right...

I took them from her and put them in my own pockets. We left the room together and I locked it behind me. As we approached the elevator, I suddenly heard the voices of a few students talking in front of one. Knowing that valuable piece of information, I had no other choice to wait here with Kei behind this corner till they're gone.

When they all went to their dorm rooms, I took the chance and got into an elevator. From here on out, everything went smoothly. There were little to no people on my way, just like I figured. I arrived at the girl's dorm and stood in front of Kei's room. I then took out her keys that I placed into my pockets and went inside.

Rapidly, I closed the door behind us and layed Kei down on her bed. Turning on the lights would just attract unwanted attention, so I refrained from doing so. Since there wasn't really anything I needed to do here now, I went out again, closing the door behind her. Just as I thought about how good everything went up until now, I was faced with the harsh reality that someone was standing right behind me, staring at me.

I quickly turned around to see who that person was. It was none other than Sudo, who looked at me a bit puzzled.

"Ayanokoji!?"

And he's ruining everything...

"dude, what are you doin' here?"

"I was helping Kei," I replied, hoping he wouldn't come up with any other stupid thoughts.

"You think I'm an idiot? What does a boy do with his girlfriend at such late hours, huh?"

I knew it...

Right now, I know where he's getting at, but it's not a very favorable situation for me if he really does.

"Don't tell me you two were-!?"

"No, we were not doing that. I already told you that we were just studying together."

"Yeah sure..."

"Not believing me? It doesn't seem very strange for a guy to help his girlfriend, no? What's the big deal in that?"

"Have you seen the hour dude? It's almost night. You don't study that late. It's reasonable to think you two were doin' somethin' else," Sudo said like he knew something.

"*Sigh* If you don't believe me that's totally fine. Just don't go spreading rumors to something you're not sure of," I replied calmly. It's reverse psychology. At this level of practice, it wouldn't work on someone reallr hard to provoke and who acts logical. For those people I would need to go at it a little more. But luckily for me though, sudo Isn't really the brightest candle on the cake.

"Whatever man, you right, I don't have evidence so imma just believe you dude." There it is.

"Where are you headed anyways?"

"To my room of course. Bro, you won't believe where I'm comin' from."

"From where?"

"From a date with Horikita!" he said, not screaming but clearly excited.

"..."

"Why are you looking at me like that...?"

"..."

"Alright, fine! Just stop lookin' like some weirdo. She made me and Kanji come over to tell us somethin'," he said.

"Tell you something? And why you and Ike?"

"Well, you see, sorry dude but she asked us to not tell anyone," he answered.

"I see. That's totally fine. About the psychological exam I take it?" I said, trying to press at least that much information out of him.

"Yeah, exactly." He fell for it.

"Well then, Ayanokoji, see ya next time," He said as he happily walked past me.

If meeting Horikita is enough to make a guy behave like that, then maybe I should study love some more. Seems kinda boring though...

I picked up my pace once again, heading to my own room now. As I entered and closed the door behind me, I still felt very energetic. I did sleep for a few hours beside Kei's unconscious body after all. I took off my shoes and washed my hands. After that, I made myself some tea and sat down at my table.

"Enjoying your time?"

"You can't even leave me alone for a minute, huh?"

"I am you."

"You already said that."

My subconscious mind was talking to me again. It sounded like myself, but at the same time different. It was strangely comforting but at the same time dislikable. If I had to describe it, I'd say that it's a huge contradiction to itself.

"Why the death threats towards Sudo?" I asked calmly.

"Why do you ask? He was clearly being annoying," he responded in my mind.

When I talked to Sudo before, I heard this voice in my hand, telling me to kill him. I don't know why, but it seemed oddly familiar. With this, my suspicions are confirmed, it truly was that thing talking to me, encouraging to murder.

"I found it quite interesting what he had to say," I replied.

"The only thing you found interesting was that he told you about the meeting with Horikita, the rest was boring as hell."

"Well, if you're me then there is no reason to try and hide it."

"So, Kiyotaka, what will you do now? This Special Exam after the psychological test might come out as threatening to us."

"Funny that you ask, can't you read my mind?" I thought this time.

"I am half of your mind, the indirect part to be exact, so of course I can," he said.

Interesting, so this is truly me, huh? In other words, this thing is really a part of myself...

"Am I going insane?" I asked.

"You already were that far before you began showing it. Or do I need to remind you of that certain incident?" he said in a little undertone of sadistic nature.

So he knows this much? He truly is me after all, huh?

"Fine, you win, I believe you. Are you just going to talk to me this entire time?"

"My, are you going to abandon your own subconsciousness?"

"If you're gonna stay, then let me give you a name," I said as I closed my eyes in thought.

"I already have a name"

"Yeah, my name. It's way too confusing to call myself by my own name. Also, if you're truly a part of me, you shouldn't really mind, no?"

"True."

"Let's see... I'll call you Shiro," I said.

"Why call me like him? Do you want me to impersonate him or something?"

"No. You already know the reason either way."

"Yeah, but still, it's not like I care. If it's a reminder of our old friend in the White Room, then sure, go for it."

"Glad that we are on the same page line then," I said.

After that, the voice disappeared into a shrill, almost screaming silence. I drank up my tea and went straight to bed. I wasn't really tired yet; not even in the slightest. Despite that though, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep. No success.

After a couple of minutes, I pulled out my phone. I haven't checked any messages yet; therefore there was maybe something interesting

that someone sent me. And sure enough, there was a message from Horikita.

"Ayanokoji-kun, we need to talk as fast as possible. I'm not sure if the school sent you this message, but the exams will not only begin at school hours, but also end at those. Thus, please meet me tomorrow after the exam ends."

So that's what this is about. I suppose tomorrow will be interesting then. I wonder if it has something to do with the stuff she told Sudo and Ike?

After that, I put my phone aside and fell asleep in about ten minutes. I was surely hoping for something exciting to happen tomorrow.

End of the exam, beginning of a new problem

Reads: 56 | Votes: 7 | Comments: 2

Despite having slept a lot yesterday, today I woke up later than usual. With my current state of mind, maybe that is somewhat reasonable though. Time's 11am on the exam day.

I got out of bed and went to tyhe bathroom to brush my teeth.

"Good morning Kiyotaka," said that same shadowy figure that I named Shiro.

"Morning," I replied.

"Befor you go ahead and ignore me again, let me ask you this. Are you going to go to a psychiatrist or something to get rid of me?"

"No. Also, can't you read my mind?"

"I'm your subconsciousness, so I can read some and there are some that I can't."

"I see," I told him as I finished washing my teeth.

After that, I ate my breakefast, took a shower and in general just got ready for the things that would expect me later on. Shiro didn't say much after that, I'm not sure why, but whatever.

Today I didn't need to go to school since I'm one of the students that had this icon. Now, I do would have prefered to take the test and gain average, but at least now I have some time to rest.

Yesterday evening, shortly before I fell asleep, I saw Horikita's message, telling me to meet up with her as fast as possible. I still wonder what that's all about.

At around 12:30, I left my room and headed to the library. My goal was just to return a book that I borrowed. After that, I went to the cafe, just drinking some coffe and waiting for the school day to be over.

I moved slowley, not being set under a rush for the first time in days. When I arrived at school, I was confronted with a bunch of third years.

"Looks like they already finished their exams," I muttered to myself. Judging from that info, it's very likely that the school goes through grade by grade, from third to first years. I do wonder why, but maybe it's just easyer for them.

I spotted an empty bench and was planning to sit down there and wait for Horikita to come out, but unexpectedly someone came in my way.

"Ayanokoji-kun, what a surprise. What brings you here?" said Nagumo.

Nagumo, standing right in front of me and blocking my path, seemed somewhat different today.

"Having a good day, Nagumo-senpai? You seem cheerful," I responded to him.

"Oh well, it was quite good indeed. But that still doesn't answere my question, Ayanokoji-kun," he responded.

"I'm here for a meeting with Horikita-san, that's it."

"Suzune? Would you look at that, how interesting," he said.

Nagumo was still blocking my path, standing confident.

"It surprised me that you got the icon, Ayanokoji-kun. I would have never guessed," he told me.

"..."

"What, don't wanna talk about it?

"I would prefer not to..." My response was just natural, I mean, who would like to talk abou their possible past crimes? Still, he seemed somewhat amused by it.

"Whatever, Ayanokoji-kun, do whatever you want," he said with a bright smirk, going past me.

President Nagumo is an interesting man. On my part, I would say that he's on part with Manabu or stronger. It wasn't surprising though, in fact, I had expected as much.

Since this exam was about testing teh schools' students on a psychological level, every student without the icon was gonna be tested. This naturally also included all the third years, and since Nagumo was the one pulling the strings behind them, of course he was gonna be there.

I couldn't help but wonder though, what's his score? I mean, he didn't ask me about mine, so it's very possible that he either thinks that this exam is so easy that he'll easily get near a perfect 100, or he thinks students with this icon are taken more lightly on examination.

Either way, since he stepped out of the way, I sat down on the Ben and just waited. No phone no nothing. I was just sitting there, looking around a bit.

Surprisingly though, I haven't seen Kiryuen-senpai even once. Maybe she doesn't need to do the exam?

I was curious, so I pulled out my phone to check. And not dissapointingly, she had the icon. Her score was a 78, not bad for someone like her.

There were almost no second years here, for some reason. Not even ryuen, who most definitely had the icon, didn't show up. Only a very few amount have been gathered here.

Hirata surprisingly had the icon. Not really surprising for me, but more for the rest of my classmates. I already knew what happened with him, and in general, a few things about his rather dark past.

But you can't say that for my class.

Sure, they had their little commotion, but I think Horikuta saved him or something? I don't know, I wasn't there after all. I mean, I had lots of stuff to do with Kei, or rather said, to Kei; thus I didn't attend that commotion.

If I had to guess, he's probably waiting for the rest of his classmates, or maybe just one. Who realy knows?

Anyways, I waited almost the entire hour, a few times checking my phone, but that's it. After all that time, finally, the second years came out.

"Seems like they're done," I said as I got up from the bench.

The first one to come out was Horikita, turning her had fastly, like she's looking for someone. Is she looking for me?

I wasn't exactly sure, but when she spotted me, her eyes lit up. Not in a good way though, more like saying "I found you, bitch!"

She approached me, walking fast, her expression serious. She didn't even look back, less take a break from that exam they just had, even though it's probably the first time she came out in hours.

I didn't go to her, instead I just let her walk towards me. Soon after that she stood just around 3 meters away from me. Horikita stopped moving and looked me dead in the eye, serious.

It wasn't that normal kind of cold and calculated look though. It was a mix of that and concern for some reason. I don't know why, but she seems a little nervous. A little frightened. As if something changed by her.

"Hello Horikita-san. What's with that look?" I said.

She walked towards me and took my hand, taking me away. She walked fast for some reason. "Shut up and follow," she said, "you got some explaining to do."

Explaining. Under normal circumstances that was a bad thing;

therefore I wasn't exactly happy of complying. She didn't even look back though. Just grabbing my hand and taking me away, thats definitely something she would do, but....

I wonder how the others saw this. Maybe tehy think that we're together ir something. Considering Considering this, it kinda looked like that. I don't know though since I didn't look back.

We walked a bit, our pace fast, almost running. Finally, we arrived. Standing behind a brick wall on the other side of the sports hall, we stopped.

She let go of my arm and crossed hers. I leaned against the wall, looking at her. "You know, you could have just asked me to come with you, and not straight up kidnapped me," I said.

"As if you would even listen," she replied.

"So, why did you take me here?"

She said something about me having some explaining to do, and of course I knew that, but I would rather have her taking teh first step than doing it myself.

"Look, Ayanokoji-kun, we need to talk about that icon of yours."

The icon? Why bring that up now?

"You see, I give you 1 minute to explain me in detail why you have that icon," she said strictly.

"I'd rather not tell you, Horikita-san. You see, it's a rather personal thing you know?"

"Don't give me that! Look, I know what you did, and I can't oversee it. Either you say it yourself or I'll do it, what do you prefer?"

She's bluffing. She has to be. There's no way she... or... no... it can't be. Her knowing would be as probable as winning the lottery twice and then getting hit by a lightning, impossible.

"I don't know what you are talking about, Horikita-san," I said

calmly.

"Really now? So I guess you don't know who Mayumi is, then?"

"Nghh!"

I give in, that was surprising. How can she know about my sister? Or the real question here is, what else does she know?

I do quickly compose myself again, but my hands were now sticking outside of my pockets. I was taken off guard by this.

"How do you know about her, Hirikuta-san?" I asked in a serious tone of voice.

"So you give in now? What a surprise..."

"No, and stop turning my words around. How do you know about my sister?"

"So, thought about my offer? 1 minute, Ayanokoji-kun, 1 minute."

I see, so thats the game you're playing, huh? Only a fool would accept her offer now. It's fundamentally based against me, using my own disadvantage to create even more disadvantage.

Let's just say I were to tell her everything. I don't know hom much she knows, so it's very well possible that if I do really tell her everything, I might tell her more than she knew initially. Teh best option to take here is just to stay quite and refuse to cooperate, so that's exactly what I'm gonna do.

"I'd rather no."

"Fine by me then. Ayanokoji-kun, you know, yesterday something pretty interesting happened involving you. In fact, I'd even go as far as to calling it game changing."

"Come on, don't dissapoint me, Horikita," I said.

She sighed and began talking. "Ayanokoji-kun, yesterday evening after I talked with Sudo and Ike, someone slit a letter under my door. I dong know why. He had some really fancy hand writing, but the thing that letter contained... that was the real reason I calked you here."

A fancy hand writing, huh? Hm, who could that be? But even more impirtant though what does that have to do with me?

"Ayanokoji-kun... is it true that you used to be with the mafia?"

The blackmail

Reads: 59 | Votes: 5 | Comments: 0

How does she...!? From where does she have that information? Usually, people would take it as a doubt of here, but not me. I knew her well enough to see it in her eyes. That determination. That convincing look. Even the position in which she was standing in.

Every one of those things indicated clearly that she wasn't doubting. She knew this information was right. Despite my emotionless look and not clear approval, she already made up her mind and began talking again.

"Answere the question, Ayanokoji-kun. If you don't, I'll take it as a yes," she said.

"What makes you think of something so absurd?"

"Don't turn that question around! Just answere."

Her tone was absolutely convinced. She just wanted to press as much information out of me as possible, despite already knowing that it's true.

There no reason to deny it any further. If I did, it may cause even more suspicion abd backfire. I need to get myself out of this. Looks like my only option left is...

"Who told you?"

"So you're admitting it now?"

"Sure, whatever, but how did you find out?"

"Thats not important right now. What truly is important is that we talk about this," said Horikita, avoiding my question.

I stayed silent for a bit, completley cut off from this world, slowley but surely making a plan for each case scenario. When I came back, I faced reality. There was no way I can still hide it from her; therefore, it's better to comply a little with some half truths than just straight up lie.

"Fine Horikita-san, but let us talk somewhere else about this matter. Wouldn't be really pleasant if someone were to eavesdrop, at least not for me," I told her.

"Oh, most certainly, I wouldn't be very pleasant for me nether," she responded, walking away.

"You coming or what?"

"Where are we going?"

"To my room," she said before continuing to walk.

So there's where things will play out, huh? Well fine, then let's go.

I followed behind her, multiple meters away though. I kept my distance, trying to get the slightest reads on her. The only time we came close was in the elevator, but even that was just barely considered as "close by".

Horikuta opened her room and went inside first. Following her inside, I noticed not much change from the last time I was in here. She shut the doir behinfld me and went to take a seat, motioning me to sit opposing her.

After I sat down, she offered me some tea. I gladly accepted it, but this was just the beginning of the storm.

"So, will you begin by telling me what happened, Ayanokoji-kun?"

"I'd prefer not to," I responded.

It's the most reliable tactic here to just let the one that has info and possibly dirt on you speak up first, which is why I was planning on doing exactly that.

"Fine by me then, I can just tell you everything I know. It's not like I'd force you into going first, and potentially revealing any unnecessary information, right?" she said sarcastically.

"Exactly," I answered that in the same sarcastic manner.

"Good. You see, I was very surprised by this revelation, you know? I always wondered what happened to you to make you the person you are now, but you a criminal? Unimaginable..."

"Should I take it as a compliment or an insult?"

"Take it however you want, but the important part at hand here is something different. You see, I never quite grasped why you were hiding all your ability in the first place. But now it all makes sense. An ex mafioso that trys to breake away from his past life. Of course he wouldn't engage I extraordinary thins and naturally just try and live a normal life, no?"

"..."

Certainly, this wasn't a very pleasant talk, but if this is truly the only thing she knows then she knows almost nothing. Sure, she got the main idea, but... to be totally honest, if she truly thinks just that then I might have been concerned for no reason at all.

"Is that so? Well I suppose that it would make a lot of sense, indeed, but what are you trying to get at?" I asked her, taking a sip of my tea.

"Of course I'm no one to judge, but if you being some kind of ex mafioso was the only thing I got then I wouldn't have have you over."

Of course, I just had to ruin it by jinxing, no?

"You see, the information I got this from was just a piece of paper. A little paper slit under my door, that's it. I tried to see who the person sending me this was, but he was too fast. After I opened it, I thought it was just some humorless prank. But after some digging, I realized just how wrong I was," said Horikita.

A slit of paper under her door? From who does it come? And why? Maybe this is the work of the white room? It could definitely be, but... if they truly wanted to expelled me then there would have been faster and more efficient ways than to use Horikita.

"Of course, I know that your position wasn't just some filthy criminal. Isn't that right, mafia executive?"

So she knows...

"My my, that piece of paper truly gave it away, hm?" I said.

"You don't even deny it?"

"There's no reason to," I continued, "You already made up your mind either way."

"True."

That's bad. Sure, there are a few people who had criminal pasts, but... no one of these would be close to a mafia executive! So she now has to power to go around and tell everyone that that icon of mine wasn't just because of some fighting, and worse of all, she has the evidence right on that paper.

"So, Horikita-san, what will you do?"

"First off, I don't expect you to tell me why you joined that mafia or whatever, since you either wint tell me or just lie if I ask. But I hope you know what me finding that paper and preserving it means, no?" she asked.

"So you're gonna make use of that, huh?" I asked.

"You see, Ayanokoji-kun, someone as intelligent as you is truly a true card. You want to live a normal live, but at the same time get yourself involved in those kinds of situations. Dont worry, I won't

reveal it to anyone, under one condition..."

"I follow your orders and stop holding back, am I right?"

"Good that we're on the same page," she stated.

So she is truly blackmailing me now, hm? Using my own past as a weapon against me.

"And what if I don't comply?" I asked, taking another sip of my tea.

"Then it would truly be a shame, but I do think out classmates would find this piece of paper quite interesting," she replied.

You wanna play like this, huh? Fine then.

"I give you one last chance, Horikuta-san. Hand me that piece of paper, now," I said warningly.

"Hah! Why would I do that? I just found a way to get you to help out our class, and you want me to give that opportunity up?" She responded.

I then said, "Are you sure you want to to this. You know, you're locked up in here with an ex criminal... maybe that's not a wise decision, Horikita-san?"

Any normal human being with a bit of brain wouldn't have dared to blackmail someone with a criminal record in a caged place, like their own room. Horikita on the other hand looked quite confident. Like she thinks that I would never hurt her like this. How could I? But dear Horikita, you're so wrong, dear.

"You can't do anything and we both know it. You don't know where I'm keeping that piece of paper, an even if you get it, who do you think would the class belive? Ayanokoji-kun, that was all I wanted

to tell you. Make sure to-"

Without any hesitation I placed my left hand on her throat, choking her and pushing her hard against the wall.

"A-Ayanokoji- ku-!?

"Poor Horikita-san, I truly tried to warn you..." I said as I pulled out my phone with my right hand, still pressing her hard against the wall.

I also sat on both of her arms with my knees, so she couldn't move in the slightest. If she knew what was about to happen to her...

"Ayanokoji-kun, let go of me!" She screamed.

"You see, Horikita, I always was curious about one thing. You see, even in my time with the mafia, that thing truly bothered me. Wanna know what it is?" I said calmly.

"I don't care, now let me g-!"

I once again chocked her harder.

"You see, I always though about a way to counter a good blackmail. It seemed very difficult, but if you include all ideas, you come to that same conclusion. You see, it works better with woman than men, especially young woman who would feel shame," I said as I moved my right hand to open one of the buttons of her shirt.

Her eyes widened a bit. I could firmly feel her heartbeat increase and her muscles tense. She resisted more and more, trying to throw me off. I opened button 2, and she became even more resistant.

"Aya... no... ko-!"

It didn't matter. I stopped choking her and just pressed my left hand on her mouth so she couldn't talk, but also won't pass out. For this little counter blackmail technique it's mire useful to have the victim conscious, after all.

"You see, Horikita-san, I didn't want to do this, but you leave me with no choice..."

For every button I opened she struggled more. Butto after button, till I finally reached teh end. I opened her shirt completley, revealing a white bra.

In the mafia, I came up with this idea after a certain criminal that was female blackmailed me. Therefore, once I got to her in private, I did something different. I didn't beat her up or threatened to do something to her and her family in teh traditional sense. No. I took pictures of her, naked, knowing that she won't like me to reveal them. The first time I tried it, I knew you could only use that in certain situations, but if dine right it would do wonders.

I approached Horikutas bra, slowley. Her eyes widened in shock, trying to say something. She managed to bite my hand.

" you bastard! How dare yo-!?" I didn't let her finish though, as I quickly covered her mouth again, with more strength this time.

The inevitable came and I took it off, revealing her bare skin. She let out a few tears from her eyes, but it didn't affect me. I took two photos, one showing her face and one just her chest.

After that, I got up and away from her.

The first thing she did was covering her chest and putting her bra back on, crying quietly.

"You piece of shit, how could you!?" she cried. Murmuring to herself she said, "how... could you...?" letting out a stream of tears.

"Oh, don't worry, Horikita-san. Im not attracted to you, dear. You see, did you really think someone that used to be a mafia executive wouldn't know a counter to a blackmail? Oh please. You see, I'm sorry if that made you feel uncomfortable, but at least now you know what will happen if you go around and tell people. Because if you do... some pretty unexpected photos might show up, you see?" I threatened.

She sat there, on teh ground, silent. She didn't even put the buttons on her shirt back on, just blankly staring at the ground, full of shock and sadness.

"I will take my leave now, Horikita-san. Have a good day," I said as I moved away.

"Stop."

"Shiro."

"Do it, come on, I know you want to."

Horikuta looked at me, a tiny bit of surprise eched on her sad face when seeing me whisper to myself. I forgot I was talking aloud. But after a little bit of conflict with shiro, I just snapped.

I took teh can of hot tea and poured all of it on Horikita. She let out a painful scream, that was more like a quiek than an actual scream. After taht, I kicked her right in the face, making her nose bleed.

"Ngh!"

"Don't mention Mayumi ever again," I said.

After taht, I went out of ger room, not even looking back. It was true, shiro confirmed it. Why did I have that urge to hurt her? I got back to my room and just layer down on my bed, wondering whether or not I'm beginning to loose my mind or not.

Shiro didn't talk after that, but the thing thqts truly concerning me wasn't him staying quite after encouraging me to hurt Horikita. It's that... I truly enjoyed it...

An apple a day, keeps the doctors away; but also mentally?

Reads: 43 | Votes: 6 | Comments: 1

Hate. What a concept...

I truly did not understand it. Not at all. I don't get the thing behind it.

To be honest, it's a very interesting topic, really. It's interesting to look at, it's interesting to have it, it's interesting to even hate hate itself.

If I hadn't lost my emotions in the white room, I'm sure that I would definitely hate that man. But here I am, washed away from the human that I once was.

I would have forgotten what hate is, but there's one exception... one tiny little moment of my life changed that monoton white forever.

When that man, no, thing... killed her.

When I thought about that, I finally arrived at my classroom. The first thing is saw, Horikita. She looked away, pretty mad. There was an ugly bruise on her face, her nose more specifically, from the kick yesterday. At least tehre are no burning marks from the hot water on her face though.

Now, any normal woman would show way more fear and sadness, but as expected, Horikitas fighting spirit didn't breake from just that. Sure, I basically just sexualky assaulted and humiliated her. And sure, I may have completley broken our relationship. But that's better than her revealing my past, as that would basically mean

game over.

Now, I do think she got the basic idea at least, so that I'm not attracted to her. At least for now how things stand, she will probably shut her mouth. The blackmail works really well, and to be honest, I don't think she could bring it over ger heart to sacrifice her own dignity for everyone to see just to get me to cooperate.

What I mean is that there are other ways to make me cooperate or even counter that blackmail from now. Horikita is not dumb, so she probably already knows that.

Anyways, although it might seem strange, she is not my main occupation right now. The real thing I wanna see is Kei. Yesterday I got dragged away by Horikita who came out as one of the firsts, so I couldn't even see if Kei did the exam, even if it really was an obligation by the school.

Therefore, I was interested if ahe would show up today or not, and how she would look if she did. Hopefully it worked.

I sat down in my normal seat in the back of the classroom, taking out a notebook and a pen. Nothing more.

I wanted to have it ready so when Kei arrives I could pretend like I'm carefree writing something I here, giving off an even stronger subconscious illusion that I wasn't the one who inflicted that pain to her.

It looks like she didn't even come.

For the rest of the day she did not come. Neither did she the day afterwards. Nor the one afterwards. Quickly, an entire week flew by and it was currently Monday, one hour before class starts. Overall, my relationship with Horikita didn't change much. Just like I predicted, she calmed herself down again. Looks liek she truly saw those photos as just a blackmail and nothing personal after all.

We did talk a little less than usual, and she did in fact still looked like she was about to kill me, but hey, at least her being mad will gradually decline from here on out.

I was already wide awake for some reason. Normally it takes some time when you wake up to truly get awake, but for some reason, today i didn't feel that.

Shiro was talking to me more and more in these past few days. And I feel like I'm going insane, despite not even knowing why. I also have nightmares every day after I threatened Horikita.

Most of them are that exact same one, but all are oddly familiar. Death. Simpel as that.

It's that exact scene. That exact moment where everything turned in my life! This fucking single minute that felt like hours!

Before I realized it though, my hands were clenched tight into fists and my teeth were gritted. It stopped when I regained my control shortly after.

"Psycho"
"Shut it, Shiro!"

Getting up from bed, I did not feel very good. Approaching the mirror, instead of seeing myself, I saw Shiro like I normally do. But his eyes seemed very red and he looked very pale.

"Tell me, Shiro, is that how I look?"
"Yep," he said after transforming back to his usual appearance, which is my healthy and normal look.

I had some headache and also had this oh so familiar throat pain. Feeling weak on top I just decided to not go to school today, so I refrained from doing so.

I just layed back down and stayed there for another 2 hours, not moving a muscle. I didn't sleep in, but I rested well at least. Now, I felt a little better, still very much sick though.

"Are you seriously gonna do that NOW!?" asked Shiro.
"Yes," I said, getting up and making myself ready.
"Sigh What a pain, man," said Shiro, not seeming happy.
"Aren't you supposed to be my subconsciousness? Why are YOU the one that seems bothered?"

Oh, don't come with that shit. We both know very well that this one side of you is insecure of going to him. Also, it's not like I'm only your subconsciousness."
"What do you mean by that?"

No response.

"Shiro?"

Silence. Shiro didn't respond after that, so I just got ready to leave, not being able to just brush it off though. The one I was heading to was the school's therapist and psychiatrist.

Remember, the school is an entire land cut off human created island, so there also are a bunch of adults that serve as employees on here, living too. Therefore, this therapist is not only for the students, but for everyone. And in fact, it's even totally free, since it's financed by the government.

Making my way to there, I did not spot a single student. I mean, how even could I? They're all at school, and it's not even past lunch. At around 11 am I arrived at the hospital.

Now, this hospital wasn't exactly big. It was more like medium sized, having the normal amount of doctors and nurses in it. I walked inside and asked the receptionist in which door the therapist is. Now, since this is a spontaneous idea, I don't have an appointment, but it seems like I got lucky and today the therapist can take me right now.

"If im not mistaken, this is it," I said aloud once I stood before the therapist's door. When I knocked on it he just said, "oh, yeah, come in."

So he already expected me, huh? Anyway, I walked inside, closing the door behind me. And there I saw him. Tall man, brown hair and eyes, sitting on one of the chairs with a notebook and pen in hand.

He motioned me to come over and sit down on the couch, so I did exactly that.

"You must be Ayanokoji-kun, no? It's nice to meet you," he said in a

calm and collected voice.

"Yes, I am. Nice to meet you."

"Well then, what is your problem, Ayanokoji-kun. Or let me rephrase it, why are you here?" he asked.

"Something is happening to me lately, and I don't know what," I answered.

He wrote something down before turning his attention back to me.

He then said, "go ahead, tell me what is happening to you," with a comforting smile.

"You see, I've had a lot of nightmares lately, and I also feel a stronger sense of emptiness than usual. On top of that, I see someone. Something. Every time I look into the mirror I see myself, moving on his own, talking to me abd saying that he's my subconsciousness for some reason. I also got more violent and feel more psychotic at times."

There it was, I told him what's happening. I hope that now I will find out whether I'm truly going insane or not.

The therapist began to write something again, and afterwards looking up at me.

"That's quite interesting, Ayanokoji-kun. Do you have any previous diagnostisations from before this school?"

"No."

While it was indeed true that I did have some, this was a long time ago, and I couldn't possibly tell him that either way.

"Well, on first though, that subconscious voice and image isn't really your subcounsciousness, Ayanokoji-kun."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That you have a personality disorder, that's what I mean," he said.

A personality disorder? Really?

"I'm quite sure that it might be a dissociative personality disorder, short with DID, Ayanokoji-kun, but I'm not entirely sure. Do you have any memory gaps? Maybe some urges that aren't yours or even moments where your body moved on his own lately?"

"...Yes," I responded.

He wrote another thing down, but just as he was about to say something, someone knocked on his door. Looking up from his block, he sighed and said, "Ayanokoji-kun, would you mind coming back tomorrow at about 5pm? I have a patient with an appointment now which I can't prospone."

"Sure. Thank you, doctor," I said as i got up.

I was about to head out, but when I opened the door...

"Kei!?"

Change is a good thing, right?

Reads: 34 | Votes: 3 | Comments: 0

So you don't come to school for an entire week and this is where you've been, eh Kei?

What a pain, now I need to sound at least somewhat concerned...

"Kei, why are yo-? Whqt happened to your face?" I said, sounding surprised but at the same time still emotionless.

Tbh, after all that torture, she seems quite well. There were a lot of bruises equally distributed on her cheecks and nose, and some on her forehead. Good thing she moved when I dropped a full load of boiling water on her...

She seemed shocked, not expecting me at all and quickly looking away, covering her face a bit. I got closer. "Kei, wh-what happened?"

"Kiyotaka I..."

"Ayanokoji-kun, there was a certain incident including her. Please refrain from asking too much questions," said the therapist sternly.

Well, it was only natural, no? But damn, he doesn't need to be such a pussy-

...

What? Why did I just say that...?

Yo guys, since Koji becomes pretty much a little insane n stuff, his view on the world will change , and his thinking way also becomes more aggressive and casual like when he was still mafioso.

I looked at Kei and she looked at me.

"It's fine Kei, tell me once you're ready to do so," I said gently to which she nodded. So that's the reason she doesn't respond to my messages, hm?

Well, at least now I know.

I walked out of that hospital and went straight to teh grocery store, buying some yogurt. I often make it myself, but fuck that, I'm sick, no?

"Lazy bitch"

"Oh, now you're talking mister subconscious. First you hide that you're a personality of mine and now you even insult me?"

"That's a different thing"

"Let's be honest, Shiro, it's not. I'm lowkey going insane right now, and you're the living proof of that," I said.

I was thinking and not talking, so I bumped into a classmate.

"Hehe, dumb fuck"

"Fuck you, you bi-!" I almost yelled, not realizing that i wasn't thinking but talking right now.

"Wh-what...? Ayanokoji-kun?" Said Kushida whom I just bumped into.

"Oh, no, sorry, I wasn't talking to-"

Slap

Wtf, did she just slap me!?

"What the heck, Kushida, what are you doing!? Have you lost your mind?"

"Serves you right you psycho! First you bump into me and then you just insult me!? Whats wrong with you!?" She yelled, not so loud

but still quite hearable.

Why is she even here? Shouldn't she still be in class?

"No, I wasn't insulting you. I was talking to..." fuck...

"To whom?"

"I..." I can't tell her about Shiro. It's better that she doesn't know. Who knows what that whore will do? Fuck, why am I even thinking like this...?

"I'm sorry, Kushida-san," I said, bowing my head.

That false trash just walked past me, maybe a bit caught of guard by my apology. She probably had a bad day, and since I basically just confirmed that I lied when I said I was talking to someone, since I took the initiative and apologized, she's still mad.

Whatever, I couldn't give less of a fuck about her anyways. She's blackmailing me, so I don't need to have a good relationship with her one on one at all.

"Well that escalated quick," said Shiro.

"Yeah, she's probably in a bad mood..." I replied aloud.

"Or she's just an asshole"

"Yep, or she's just an asshole," I said.

I spoke low voiced, since a few people were staring from my little encounter. I don't know why I'm in agreement with Shiro or why I'm thinking in a rather bad way about people, but if that therapist is right then that's just me talking. In fact, I have a different hypotheses, which would be my emotions coming back. But hey, I'll wait fir the time being.

Taking my stuff to the counter and paying for a bunch of yogurt, I also spotted a little something at the mini cashier ayle.

"No way, Kiyotaka, this is..."

"Flink..." I whispered to myself and Shiro, finishing his sentence.

Flink is this sort of bubble gum that tastes like something random. They look exactly the same, completley white, when they're individual. But they taste completley different.

While the cashier was still scanning the yogurt, I took a small pack and paid for it too.

"Thank you," I said when the employee was done.

"Nothing to thank, have a good day kid," he replied.

Now, exiting the shop, I looked once again at the bubble gum I my hands. I popped one, and would you look at that, it's strawberry.

Maybe it's just me being a little bit of a gambling addict, but these are the few things that I can't control at all; hence, they're a fixed outcome. I love the idea behind it, and I used to eat those all the time in the mafia. But sadly, I never saw them here, until today that is.

Well, I started heading towards my own dorm room to place the yogurt in the fridge. I still felt sick and had a bit of a headache but I was able to oppress it while at the therapist and all.

"Ya know, that red mark on your face makes you look like a pervert," said Shiro.

"It does?" I responded aloud.

"Kinda. People who dont know the context of that misunderstanding might certainly think you did something creepy like trying to look at some girl's pantys."

"It's just a little red, you can barely see that it looks like a hand," I replied.

"Still, you can see it. Just get back to your dorm quickly before being hit by another girl."

"Zip it."

After a bit of walking, I arrived at my dorm room and placed the yogurt in the fridge. For now, I wanted to investigate a few things; therefore I started searching on my laptop about DID and most certainly found a few things.

Shiro tried to stop me the entire time, calling me a few bad things, begging, and even singing the ABC song on repeat. But when he saw that it didn't work he just refrained from doing so.

So the things that I found out are that DID, short for Dissociative Identity Disorder,is absolutely dependent on the dynamics and personality of the person, also known as host.

In simple words, it's just another person living off of your memorys inside yourself. Now, these personality are called alter egos abd they are basically aspects of your own mind. So Shiro is technically myself. That would also explain why I see myself in the mirror, even though he controls the reflection.

Now, personality disorders can be regulated or an absolute mess, and tbh, I'm not sure where I am on that Scala. On one hand, Shiro took over multiple times when hitting Horikuta or torturing Kei and also often gave me desires, but I was conscious on all of these moments. This is called a partial switch, and yes, that stuff as a medical term.

Then there's the background noise, which is just influence of him without taking over. It's when I got that desire to hurt abd also enjoyed it.

And lastly, the thing that still did not happen to me, a full switch. It's an complete unawareness of line and a takeover from Shiro. It's often blocked by amnesia breaks afterwards. So that's that's the

therapist asked that, huh?

Well either way, I learned about some symptoms and what it provokes. Now that I know a lot, on an scale from 1-10, 1 being the best and 10 the worst scenario, my identity disorder is an eight I'd say.

Why? Well, I hallucinate with my reflection, and also begin to do it with other items I think, which is clearly very uncommon and serious. I do even have some memory gaps of a few seconds, so I feel like it might get even worse. The moment Shiro begins taking full switches and I begin to hallucinate on more things this eight might turn into a ten in a matter of days.

Fuck. People on the internet say it might be because of childhood trauma, which would be one explanation, but rather or not the White Room is at fault, I can't tell that the therapist.

I just spend the rest of the day reading a bit and doing some chores. After that, I went to bed early, talking to Shuro about this whole thing. He insists that this whole thing isn't bad at all, but since my goal is technically to live a normal live, A DID might be pretty bad.

Now, if there is relay nothing I can do, as long as Shiro doesn't do full switches it's not really bad, but judging from where this whole thing is going, he will definitely do them sooner or later. **Sigh** What did I get myself into?

The beginning after the White escape

Reads: 35 | Votes: 6 | Comments: 8

Aight guys, this chp will cover kojis past for now, or at least part of it. After all, this is supposed to be a mafia and cote interaction, so I gotta write some things bout his past to then write em in the present and not just him lowkey going insane. Like yall know, Koji is currently in that mafia. His sister is already dead and he's still at the bottom. I'll write multiple of these backstorry chapters once in a while to give more insight n stuff (next chapter will likelyfollow main story again). Let me know I the comments if you like these or not. Anyways, enjoy.

The smell of fresh baked bread...

I haven't eaten in about 2 days now, and I'm starving. As much as I know, I'm currently in a medium big town, about a few kilometers away from Tokyo, just wandering about.

I escaped from that man and the White Room a while ago, the only thing with me being a picture of me and my sister and a dirty shirt and pants.

To be totally honest, I'm lost. I know where I am, but I need to do something to not just die of hunger, especially not in front of a bakery.

I have a little plan to change that though. I'll just have to work with someone crazy enough to hire a 15 year old. Only problem is that almost everyone I asked said no. Sure, tehy would've very likely said yes if I would've told them about my situation, but that's pretty much taboo. I mean, who knows who that man might have influence on.

Wandering through a rather wide but still very dark alley, trying to get to the other end of the town, three guys approached me. Two I front and one from behind, completley cutting me off.

"What do we have here? Oh? A kid?" Said the one on the left.

"What are you doing here all alone at such late hours, son?" Saud the one on the right.

Then, the one from behind spoke up, sounding like a true hypocrite, "Hey kid, if you just give us all your money no one will get hurt, alright?"

So that's what this is, huh? I'm getting mugged...

"Look, guys, I don't have anything on me right now. I'm just an abandoned orphan," I said, putting up an innocent tone of voice.

"Oh my, you think we care? If you can't pay up then you'll have to come with us, to pay your debt in other ways pretty boy~" said the right one.

"Hehehe, fresh meat"

"You two shouldn't do that to a child, you know?" Said the left guy with a smirk. "But hey, he's quite mature for his age it seems. Looks like he'll have to be the one, hm?" He said, pulling out a knife and opening it.

So either they're gonna rape me, or they sell my body as some kind of male prostitute. Or both...
Well, truly a shame, I didn't want to make myself so visible for the two people, but seems liek I have no choice...

"You know what I've always wondered?" I asked.

They looked a little confused, but still in a rather sadistic way.
"What is it my toy?~" said the left guy.

"...I've always wondered what an eyeball looks like from the inside." I said. Before giving their surprised faces anymore time, I rushed forward, hitting the left dude in his face with a powerful punch.

The other two quickly realized and pulled out their own knifes, rushing rushing me. The right man was closer, so he was first. He swung his knife from above at me.

"Agh-!"

"Wh-that the-!?"

Before he could hit me, I pulled the initially left person in front of me, making him stab his own accomplice. Not leaving him any time tough, I quickly shove the knife I took from the left guy when i first hit him and slammed it into the man's throat, making him fall to the ground and bleed out.

Looking back at the man with the bad posture that stood behind me, under my intense glare he quickly turned around and run. Sadly, he could get me in trouble, tahts why I decided to throw my knife at him. And would you look at that, right into his head. He fell to ground and died, almost immediately.

"I expected more from the real world to be honest. What a dissapointment..."

The man that got stepped by his comrade was on the ground, slowley but surely dying. He hit, or better said, slit open a certain mayor artery, so his death is pretty much predetermined. Truly a horrible way to die, rolled up like a dirty snail, hand pressuring on the wound, the blood dropping out your mouth...

I leaned in and said, "How tables turn, looks like you're the toy now," as I sat on him, pinning him even mire against the ground.

"You crazy bastard, yo-!"

"A a a~ A tot isn't supposed to talk, you know?~" I continued, "time to fulfill your purpose, as a mean to satisfy my curiosity that is."

As I moved in closer he looked absolutely terrefied. Tears began welling up in his eyes, but the mix of saliva and blood flowing out his mouth prevented him from talking too much, and just moaning painfully.

My fingers were just centimeters away from his eye now, positioning myself.

"Pweese maa! I'm beggin' ja! Vorgib nee!! I'n sowyy!!!" He begged. His voice already sounding off from all of the blood In his mouth. He probably also swallowed a lot of it back down, so there's probably also quote the disgust coming from that man in this moment.

My hands were aside from his eyes. "I'm so sorry for what you'll experience right now, but... a knife would be boring, don't ya think?"

"Wha do ya meen vy dat-!?"

Dri drip drip

"AaahHhhhhHHHhh!?!?"

I ripped it out with my bare hand. His eyeball, just pulling it out of his head. There was still a little connection with the flesh. I wonder if he can still see something...

"Pweees! Stooop!!!"

Pull

"Ahhh!!!"

It's off. After I slowley pulled out out, I've finally got it. The thing I wanted to know since the White Room. The sight of the inside of an eyeball.

But still, I couldn't help but wonder... why was I smiling?

The man was slowley stopping the resistance and weakening. His eyes falling like a bag of beans.

"Don't worry, you can die in peace now. You've fulfilled your purpose...
You've fulfilled your sole purpose of a toy for me to play with.~"

That was the last thing he heared, before...

"His heart stopped," I said aloud. Afterwards, I rotated my wrist and took a good look at the inside of the eyeball. I can't help but wonder, why is it I feel happy at the sight of this? Why is it I seem to like this? No, love it?

I didn't know why. Am I some kind of sadist? Maybe I'm just curious? I don't know, but right now I have bigger problems at hand.

First off, I just killed someone. 3 people fo be exact. To be honest, it didn't feel right. I've always dreamed about this being the key to getting my emotions back. Since that incident of the bunch of professional fighters I fought when I was 9 I wanted to get to that thrill of killing. The key to my emotions. But... nothing. Am I truly this empty.

But if course, that's more like my own little personal problem rather than the thing I should concetrate on now. The fact that I just killed multiple people has to get hidden. Even though it was self defense to a certain degree, I killed them and even basically tortured one.

Well, if I go to jail the White Room would catch me as easily as a cat would to an injured rat. I have to hide the body's somewhere.

"Truly amazin' dude, you took all of em' on at once, without even a weapon at hand!"

I turned around just to see a pretty average build man with sunglasses on. He seemed not older than 30.

"And you are?" I asked. If this man where to switch, then... I can't let him take away my freedom, not yet...

"Hey man, you're not some undercover cop right?"

"Do I look like an undercover cop to you?"

"Nah kid, but still, quote impressive how you killed all three of em'. What's your name?"

"..."

"Don't worry, I'm not a cop. I swear," he said. As if that would change anything.

"Ayanokoji Kiyotaka," I answered. Hopefully giving him his name won't result in any negative outcome, but judging from that man's appearance, he isn't a threat.

"Kiyotaka then. Hey, wanna join me?"

"Join you?"

"In the mafia I mean"

The mafia, eh? So that what he is doing, recruiting newcomers. But, he actually come quite on time.

"You don't look disturbed in the slightest that i just killed three people. Why is that?" I asked.

"You know, you killed them like we do a lot of time. The only thing I found disturbing is you pulling out his eye, like, geez man. Also, you should definitely stick to that emotionless look of your's because your smile looks creepy as fuck."

I decided to ignore that last part and just asked,"So you're with the mafia, eh? What are you, some kind of high position rank that recruits people?"

I'm not a gangster, but as much as I figured not everyone can just bring a sheep into the herd.

"My name is Gonzo Donzelli. Mafia executive rank three."

"Tell me, that mafia, does it have any connections to the politician named Atsuomi?"

"Why do you wanna know?"

"I'm not telling you, but if you're with him I'm afraid I'd have to refuse your offer," I said. And it was technically a truth. If that man

were to have a connection with them, then that would be even worse than prison. I would basically just hand myself back in, all on my own.

"...no. we know that a lot of yakuza have connections with him, but we don't share interests so we're not really with him."

"You don't share interests?"

"You'll understand later. But first, how old are you?"

"15."

"...damn man, you're young. So young and already acting like a psychopath? Dude... But hey, a lit of people join gangs at that age, so I guess its not too uncommon," he said.

He then continued, "You know, I'll make you an offer. If you join you'll not only get a part if the money we make and a roof over your head, but I'll make sure to dispose of those corpses, if you know what I mean."

"And how are you going to do that?" I asked in return.

"You see, the mafia owns this block, almost the entire town here. In this alley tehre are no cameras either. You see, if you join the mafia now I'll make those kills mafia kills. And when these people where killed by the mafia, no one could do anything to you. You'll be good protected. Also, the people really fear the mafia after all, so don't worry about any of them snitches."

Good point. If the mafia really is so strong then that would be a viable path. To be honest, this offer is actually quite good. I'll not only get protection, including from the White Room and that man, but this crime won't be pinned on me either.

I would've probably ripped ir mugged someone sooner or later to survive either way, since no one wants to hire a 15 year old. And I'm starving since two days, I'm hungry and want to eat too.

"Alright, I've made my decision. I accept."

It's worse than I thought

Reads: 34 | Votes: 4 | Comments: 1

"Hey bitch, wake up!"

"...Ngh.... what...?"

I was standing right in front of the school's bathroom mirror, feeling a deep headache like someone was constantly hammering on my head. At that time, I did not know how I got here nor why I'm even here and could just know my location through memory.

"Finally, you woke up. You know how long I've tried to get you awake?" Asked Shiro.

"...No," I responded, "How did I even get he-? Wait... don't tell me you...?"

So he did a full switch, eh? If that's true, then that means that this maniac rampaged through this entire school and then locked me in the bathroom.

"..."

"Shiro?"

"..."

"Oh, so now you're not gonna responded, huh?"

"Alright, look, I can explai-"

Knock knock knock

Someone knocked on the locked room, seeming a bit careful.

"Kiyotaka!? Are you in there...?" Asked a familiar voice that I knew.

One last look in the mirror and at Shiro, giving him a glance that we both know we'll later talk about this, and then finally opening the door.

"Kei? Why are yo-?"

"Kiyotaka, are you okay!? You're bleeding!"

Huh? I'm... bleeding...? Looking back on it, I can't see myself in any type of reflection anymore because I just see Shiro, so naturally I didn't see the blood on my forehead. I touched it for a second, and yes, it's still fresh. What exactly did Shiro do to me, and why is my face wet?

"Yes, I'm fine."

"You don't look fine!"

No time to explain so I'll just use the reverse card, "Kei, what happened to you!?" Too much...

Since Kei still had a lot of bruises on her face, especially ares such as her upper forehead, cheeks and nose, and I supposedly don't know about it, it's just natural for me to sound at least somewhat curious.

"What? But I just told you a while ago. Wait, did you forget? Kiyotaka, did you smash your head and forgot because of it!?" she said. Thank you Kei for making it soooo easy for me.

"Ah, I think I fell down or something. I forgot, maybe I should go home and see a doctor for now to not bleed out you know?" I said.

Easy plan, Shiro must tell me later on what Kei's excuse for her wounds are, but for now I just wiped off my blood and wanted to head as fast to that therapist as possible.

"O-of course. Do you need me to get you home in case something goes wrong?" She asked in a very worried tone.

"It's fine, I think I just slipped up or something. I'll see a doctor, but thank you for worrying. Bye Kei," I said as I moved past her.

I'm really curious about what her excuse was, but for now I had a way bigger problem. Shiro just switched completley, meaning that possible identity disorder.... meaning that 'that thing', might be way worse than I initially thought.

After a few minutes of walking, I got home and just calmed myself down a bit. I took a shower to get the blood and sweat off my face, dressed up normally, and then came to the mirror and looked at Shiro.

"You better talk," I told him as I just stood there, hands in pockets.

"Ey ey ey, no need to get aggressive, alright? You see, I-"

"Did a full switch and almost killed me?"

"No, it's not like that, I-"

...

"Okay, maybe it do is like that..."

So he's even admitting it, huh?

"Good, you're gonna tell me something now Shiro," I said aloud as I walked out of my room and on the streets.

"What? What do you wanna know?"

"What was Kei's excuse. I'm almost 100% certain that she did not talk about anything torture like, or in general any thing I did to her. And how did you react?"

"I mean, she said something, but it was just stupid..."

"That's not the answer I wanted."

"Okay okay, she said that she was boiling some water when she slipped and fell, submerging her face in it. It hurt, so she quickly took it out, which explains her burns. Then she said that she wanted to see a doctor, so she walked in a hurry, but since the elevator was taken at that moment, well, she took the stairs and fell down on

them, or at least that's what she said. Happy now?"

"Okay, but what about her not coming to school? Burns and physical bruises aren't really so much that you can't go to school, or just a few days, but not an entire week. Also, the pot thing with her face submerged should have given her burns all over her face, not just certain ares like she has," I said.

"I know, that's what I mean, her excuse was just dumb. The worst part, pretty much everyone belived her. Why is she your girlfriend again?"

After a little while, I arrived at yesterday's hospital.

"Ey, don't ignore me! Answer me, Kiyotaka. Kiyotaka. Oh Kiyotaka," said Shiro.

"Aren't you not gonna stop until I tell you?"

"Yes."

"...I want to experience emotions and live a peaceful life, and since having a girlfriend is normal, I just-"

"Or you're just into blondes," he said.

"..."

"..."

I sighed before continuing, "That's not it. I think my subconscious should kno-
Oh, right, you lied to me about that part," I countered.

"Nah, I said I'm you, and that's technically right, only a little dragged out you know...?"

"Do us both the favor and just shut up," I said as I went to the register, telling the employee at the counter that I'm here to visit the therapist.

After getting my permission, I was headed to the therapist, talking

to Shiro through my thoughts.

"Didn't you say you were gonna go home?" he asked out of nowhere.

"I first actually wanted to, but the moment I saw Kei I changed my mind. I just told her that to get away from her," I responded.

"A real healthy relationship you two have you know?~" he said sarcastically.

I just sighed and didn't respond. After a little walking, there I was, standing in front of the therapist's door. He told me to come back after school, so I hope that he understands that this is an emergency and doesn't throw me out. Anyways, I knocked on the door.

"Yes? Enter," he said.

"Hello doctor," I said while entering.

"Ayanokoji-kun? Why are you here so early?"

"Doctor, my problem... let's just say it grew..."

"What do you mean it grew?" he said while motioning me to sit down.

"...a full switch." I replied as I sat down.

He was stunned, his eyes wide open. He even had to adjust his glasses as to not make them fall off when he recomposed.

"Ayanokoji-kun, do you mea-?"

"Yes, I can't remember what happened the first few hours, from when I woke up to about second school hour."

"Ayanokoji-kun, I afraid my hypotheses is right. I'd need you to do a few tests with me, would that be okay?"

"Like, right now?"

"Yes."

"Yeah, that works."

Like said like done, wr dud all the tests, and after about 2 and a half hours, the results finally came. After all the questions he asked me, after alk the videos he showed me, after all the stuff I needed to do, finally...

"Ayanokoji-kun, I have bad news for you," said the therapist.

"..."

"You see, I guess you already figured that you have Dissociatice Identity Disorder, right?"

"Yes, I did."

"But you see, that's not all...
After the analytics came in, I'm afraid you have much more problems with the health," he said, sounding concerned.

"Abd what are these problems, doctor?"

"You see, for once, you have a bunch of schizophrenia, likely connected to the DID, but still...
Then, you habe a issue with self harm. I don't know how, but that has very likely something to do with immense trauma or PTSD.
Lastly, Ayanokoji-kun, imafraid I have to also diagnose you with sociopathy." he said, listing it all on.

"Sociopathy... as in, I'm a sociopath?"

"Yes, exactly. And the worst part is that I was just listing on the mayor ones, so there may be a few more less important, but still present problems existing. Ayanokoji-kun, I'm afraid as much as I see, you can't go to this school any longer. I'll have to transfer you to am actual mental hospital..."

So tahts how it is, eh? Fuck. I suspected as much from someone like

him, but to actually get expelled. No... I can't permit it.

I stood up and walked out.

"Hey, Ayanokoji-kun, hold up!" He screamed after me, but I already exited the door.

After walking out of that hospital, I went straight up to Kenjaki mall to buy a few things.

"You seriously gonna do it?" asked Shiro.

"Yes," I responded.

"Damn, well tahts something," he told me.

"Don't get ahead if yourself just because I'll need to keep you with me for a while."

"Come on, Kiyotaka, don't be like this. We're friends, aren't we?~"

"Since when do friends posses each others' bodys?"

"..."

"Yeah, thats what I thought."

Me and Shiro talked a bit while buying a few things. I can't let myself get expelled by some prick who trys to steal my freedom, also, the White Room will see me as an easy prey the moment I'm out of this school. Therefore though, I had a nice little plan. And let's just say, the benzin I was buying at the moment formed part of it.

Yo guys, sorry for late chapter release. School just sucks so I didn't really wrote, but since it's the weekend rn I have more time on hand and stuff. Now, next chapter I'll probably make

koji's plan and what he'll do to save him, and I'll very likely also finally explain the rules of the special exam that they have. Aside from that, I hope you enjoyed this chapter, have a nice weekend everyone.

Phase 1

Reads: 40 | Votes: 3 | Comments: 0

Aight guys, Lil spoyler, this chapter will manly talk about the special exam that got glazed on since like chapter 1 and it's rules and stuff, so it might be quite theoretical. Anyways, hope ya'll enjoy!

It's time. I spreader the gasoline everywhere. On the desk, on the floor, on the walls. Everywhere.

"Damn, you're really gonna do this, eh?" asked Shiro like he was somewhat proud of me.

It's simple, my plan is to burn this entire hospital down. Very easy, very useful. I burned down things from the first day at the mafia, so I have a lot of experience in it anyway. If I burn this down, with the short time I knew this therapist, he wint be able to bring up any evidence to get me transfered and thereby expelled.

"Well, he put himself in this situation, I'm just acting, you know Shiro?" I responded, finally having finished the entire gasoline spread. The only thing left is to-

Knock knock knock!

"Hello!? Is someone there!?" I heared screaming a woman, likely a nurse.

"Shit!" me and Shiro thought at the same time. She must've heard me talking to him aloud, but, why is she even still here?

"What are you gonna do now, Kiyoti?"

"Don't call me that," I replied, thinking and not talking like before. I approached the doir handle, and slowley opened it. There she stood, just like I predicted, a nurse. She looked absolutely terrefied

an also tried to scream but I quickly took her in my arms and shutted her mouth.

Of course she would be scared, some random dude talking to himself in a place he shouldn't even be in? That's scary as hell! So it's just natural for her. I prevented her from breathing long enough to make her pass out though, hoping she's the only one still here in this hospital.

"And the entire thing just got way more complicated," I muttered aloud.

"So, what will you do with her? Like, eat her or something?"

Right, I can talk to Shiro loud now. "That's quite fucked up you know? And no, I have a better idea," I said as I dragged her unconscious body to the hospital entrance.

After that, I returned to the therapist's room and lit it on fire. Rapidly I ran out of there, making sure that no camera spots me. It was way past 10 pm, so no one was around and no one is allowed to be out. That's why, escaping is much easier since the only real issue are the cameras. Still, for someone from the White Room this is nothing.

I quickly arrived at my own dorm room now, taking a shower and preparing myself some tea.

"Fucking addict," said Shiro.

"Why, because I like tea?" I asked back, casually talking to him.

"No, because you literally just put that gum into the tea cup."

Oh... yeah, kinda makes more sense.

"I'm just curious what will happen to it. It should probably decompose itself under the heat, releasing it's flavor onto the cup. Or maybe it won't? Who knows? That's why I wanna test it."

"Kiyotaka, really? I just think you're addicted to that gum, I mean, you almost chewed down the whole package in like one day. Isn't

this your last one?"

"Okay, I'll admit that I really like them, but I can stop anytime I want just so you know."

"The words of a true addict."

We continued shatting a bit. I drank my tea, which didn't really taste as good as I thought it would, and then I went directly to sleep. I heared sirens outside, and for some reason, those were quite comforting.

The next day

I did the usual. Wake up, breakefast, shower, all that kind of stuff. But I was curious. What happened to the hospital? Did it burn down comoletley, or just the therapist's room? That's the exact reason of why I decided to get up earlier than usual today, just a mere 10 minutes less, and walked directly out if my room when I was done.

The moment I arrived there, I was perplexed. The entire thing burned down completley. Every single bit, from top to bottom, turned into ashes.

There were a lot of students standing around, talking to each other and looking surprised or confused. Even Horikita was there, and let's just say, she does not look happy.

Now, I would've wanted to stay a little longer, but sadly there wasn't enough time on hand right now. I didn't come to school for about two days, so it would be bad if I were to come late on the third one. The only good thing is that I think the illness I got was just a little cold or something, since today I felt way better.

Walking into the classroom, every single student, and thas not even an exaggeration, was talking about the fire. They didn't knew it was arson or anything, but still. I just sat down and waited for classes to start, and sure enough, after a few short minutes Chabashira walked in, looking very displeased.

"Good morning students, I have an announcement to make. Like you all probably already know, the entire hospital catched fire last

night, and burned down completley."

So I did a good job, eh? No one knows it's arson, how nice.

Most of my classmates, even though they already knew, dud seem kinda surprised. Not like the first time they've got this information, but still, quite nice to see they still think like that.

"How could this happen, sensei?" said Kushida with her little innocent voice act. What a bit-

"I don't know, Kushida-san, but it's suspected that it was a gas leak for now. A good thing though is that the school was able to put it under control very quickly, which is why we were able to stop the fire from spreading any further from the hospital," said Chabashira-sensei.

That seemed to have settled the students a bit, and calmed them down. Sure, that may be the case, but it still sucks that we cant use the hospital for quite the while now, in other words, no fighting and bitching around.

"Aside from that, like most of you have probably been waiting for, the announcement of the special exam rules and it's date."

Chabashira's words seemed to have settled a thick layer of discomfort amongst the students. They weren't talking to each other, in fact, they were pretty quiet. But still, you could see the distress in their eyes.

Chabashira leaned against the podium and began explaining the rules, "So, this new special exam will be called the Slowburn exam and it will take place in three days. The for now seen span of that exam will be about a week, but due to some weather conditions that the weather report has predicted, we might prospone some events, that's why it's just an estimation."

"Furthermore, the exam will have a total of 5 phases, in which each a different skillset is needed, even though most will have something to do with a more social and psychological approach rather than sheer brute force. Just like all of the sport festivals but with a more

psychological background. The whole reason we gave you all a score on social and manipulative capacity is because most of these phases will have a lot to do with these skillsets, understandable, right?," said Chabashira, turning on a projector, likely to explain with a more graphic approach.

On the projector you could see the phase one explained with the rules on screen.

"You see, this special exam will be an elimination exam. In other words, people won't get expelled I this exam if they loose, at least not in this phase. Now to the explanation. For phase one, each student will be initially given one token. One token is worth 10 points, which are special points used for this entire exam. You'll have a total of two days to gain at least 20 points, aka 2 tokens. Anyone who has less than that will loose and thereby be eliminated from this phase and the rest of the following ones too," said Chabasbira in a m9re serious tone.

Once she said that everything tensed up immediately. People started talking to each other. Some sounded more concerned than others, some more nervous, but overall one thing was clear, they all seemed very hesitant and even somewhat... scared? Even Horikita didn't look very pleased.

"Wait, but Sensei, what happens if someone looses?" asked Ike.

"Well, actually, like I said, nothing. You see, this is just and special exam for the second grade level, so there's just about one third of the students participating. From these students, the ones who have less than 2 tokens will simply not be allowed to participate any further. Therefore though, they can't help their class any further either, which is very bad since the winner class of this exam will be given 200 private points."

Amazing. It really amazes me every time how easy someone is able to calm the masses down by just adding a simple price, nothing more than a number to it. Humans are truly simple creatures, aren't they?

I walked back home after school ended, the weather not being good, infact, better said it was quite shitty.

Chabashira explained the entire rules for the first phase of the special exam, and from what I've gathered, the rules are the following:

1° Students get one digital token each which is valued at ten points, a newcurrency that works similar to private points. Anyone who has less than 2 tokens at the end of the 2 days will be eliminated from the special exam and banned from the next phases. This is fatal since it will probably be important to have a majority in the next phases, leaving not just yourself, but your entire class at a trivial disadvantage.

2° Only the students of the second grade classes will participate, meaning that neither Nagumo, nor Amasawa or Nanase should get involved in this. Although I'm not entirely sure about that Anasawa part.

3° You need a minimum of 2 tokens which can be gained by playing games. These games are completley free to choose by the two students who'll be playing against each other. The school will provide multiple 1v1 games and challenges, put you can also just buy the tokens off of people since they work like private points.

4° Once you have 2 tokens, you can keep on going if that's what you want to do. Furthermore, you can also gift anyone your tokens, which is especially useful for helping your classmates.

5° Bets must be fair and square. No cheating, no scamming, no nothing. An adult that forms part of the school stuff must always observe the flow of the game, ensuring that nothing is wrong or rigged.

It seems like quite the friendly game at first, since everyone has huge freedom with their tokens, but... it's not. The fact that half of the participants will be eliminated just by the first game is quite scary to think about actually. But I already know what I must do in this rather different special exam, and my plan... my plan should be good enough to outplay the average human, so I'm curious, how

will this thing play out?

Author here, and yes I know, first phase is heavily inspired by kakegurui season two. But ngl, I just needed something that would eliminate a bunch of people but where Koji and the others could still do shit and strategy n all. Aside from that, i hope yall enjoyed this chapter. Next chapter will probably be a past chapter, so like, a flashback from Koji doing some godfather stuff, so yeah, stay in if you wanna see that. I do have a question for yall, and it's rather simple. So since I'll eventually end this fanfic sooner or later, and Sumner vacation is in like a month, I'll have way too much free time on my hand. Therefore I'm thinking about writing another cote fanfic, but I'm not sure about what. Thus, if you guys have any ideas or anything you'd wanna read but doesn't exist or whatever, feel free to write a comment about it, I'll definitely read it and keep some in mind. Anyways, see yall next time!

The old squad

Reads: 38 | Votes: 4 | Comments: 1

Gonzo Donzelli. A weird man working with the mafia. Some random dude who recruited me after I basically just murdered like three guys. Well, 10 minutes ago I was killing a group of people, and now? Now I'm following him, about a meter behind. He said he would take care of the problem with the corpses. Well, let's see how true that is, eh Gonzi?

"We're here," he said as he opened a metal garage door, gesturing me to come inside.

I walked in. Of course only a fool would be dumb enough to trust a mafia, especially when the man who wants him back has connections with them, and of course I don't. I don't trust that man's words. If this is a trap then that would be a bad thing, right? Well wrong. It's not. It may not be the best thing to happen, but it's definitely far from a bad thing I the traditional sense. Also, when he said that this mafia didn't work with that man, he seemed sincer. At least I couldn't detect a lie in it. They do say never judge a book by its cover, no? Well, I'm quite curious about whether that's true too or not.

As I walked in, the first thing I noticed were a bunch of guys chit chatting while having drinks. Although it may not seem like it from the outside, this was actually a bar and to be honest, it didn't look bad.

Some of them were looking at me, some ignoring me, and some didn't even realize my presence. Gonzo just went ahead and called out to me, "C'mon Kiyotaka, follow me. There are a few people I have to present to you."

"A few people to present to me? Who might those be?" I said as I walked right at his side.

"The other recruits."

So there are more, huh? I suspected that there may be a few newbies here that are just a few days longer here than me, but to think that there are actually more people here that are completley new to such a point is quite interesting.

"You don't seem faced at all Kiyotaka. Completley different from the man I just saw killin' n torturin' people while smiling like some sorta psycho."

I didn't respond to that and just followed behind.

Truth is, I myself didn't know why I smiled while doing that.

In the White Room I always thought that under the extreme curcumstance of killing someone, even I, who has lost all my emotions, should be able to feel them.

But I was wrong...

As we arrived I saw three people, all completley quiet. The atmosphere seemed tense and all were in their own space.

"Alright, everyone is here, let's start now," said Gonzo while standing in front of us 4.

"You 4 are the new members of this mafia, yakuza, gang or however you wanna call it. Look at the people next to you. These will be your new comrades that you will respect. I'll give ya the inner circle rules later, but for now, why don't we start with the jntroductions?" He said as he motioned to the first guy standing closest to him on the opposite end

He had long hair and black eye color, about in early 20's. He looked calmer than the rest, but defenitley not emotionless. After walking up to where Gonzo stood he finally spoke up, "Yo everyone, I'm Yosaho, nice meeting you all."

Yosaho hm? He seems like a scary guy at first, but you could see that he's not some sociopathic sadist ir anything like that. Why is he even here I wonder?

The next in line was actually me if we're going by the clock, so when he walked back to the rest my turn has come.

"Hello, I'm Kyotaka, pleased to meet you."

"Wait, aren't you a but too young to be a recruit?" Said the man standing next to Yosaho.
He looked like he was the oldest amongst us, probably in his late 20's or early 30's if I'd had to guess.

"What does that matter to you?" I respond.

"Tch, for damn I care how old you are. I was just curious, you know?" He said as he walked up, ready to introduce himself.

I left him his space and he went on, arrogantly, "My name is Komada, you pests better remember it."

"Stop sounding like a damn nuisance you prick," said Yosaho, scoffing.

"Shut the hell up. I'm forced to work with a bunch if school-boy idiots that are completley incompetent!"

"At least I don't look like someone whose ego is bigger than their dick," I said. And although that insult was meant more as me trying to fir in, it actually was way more effective than I'd imagine.

"Daaaaamn. Yes sir!" Exclaimed the third guy who was quite up until now.

Using the momentum I gave him and the fact that Komada was left a little bit speechless, he went directly up to him and syushed him away.

"Yooooooo, I'm Sam, but everyone just calls me Sammy, so don't bother," he said. Sammy seemed like the youngest after me, at least from the looks, not older than 17.

"Are you American or somethin'?" Asked Yosaho.

"Yeah, why?"

"Sheesh, I could tell blondie. Why are you here, in Japan I mean?"

"Long story short, shitty economy right now," said Sammy.

Komada scoffed, muttering something to himself, just barely loud enough to hear, "Another kid, and American on top, pfft."

"What you just say to me-"

Just as Sammy got a little too close, Gonzo stepped in between them, saying, "Hey hey, calm down you two. You're comrades, remember? Stop fightn' your asses over some bullshit and come together."

The interruption caused both of them to look away from each other, clearly displeased even though none of them even dared to protest.

"So, you 4 will Form a team of new recruits. This mafia has a tradition where members get teamed up I smaller groups. This helps the mafia in quite a few ways actually, which is why you 4 will form one."

Let's just say, no one looked really pleased, that's why all seemed a bit out of mood.

"Why are we doing that anyway? I mean, I get that groups are good n' stuff, but can't we just join already existing groups or somethin'?" Asked Yosaho.

"No. It is a tradition to make new recruits here form a group, to ensure everyone understands each other. Kn top of that, you aren't even real members yet," said Gonzo strictly.

"Wait what?" I asked.

"Yep. I know you guys aren't really too familiar with criminal activity, judging just from your appearances, bit there is a certain thing you 4 need to do first."

So that's how it is, eh? So he's testing us...

"1o0.000¥."

"Whaaaat!?!?" we all screamed I union.

"I don't care how you get it, but if you wanna join you need to get that money. And I course, like in every other challenge, there is a catch. You can only get that money from crimes, not counting anything you already may possess," he said.

What a deal breaker, but I understand.

"Tch, my first day in the mafia and I'm already asked to do some bullshit? What a joke. We didn't even fully arrive here yet," said Yosaho.

"Yeah, and you defenitley won't if you don't start moving your butt's immediatley!" Said Gonzo aloud, dripping with irony.

Long story short, he just threw the 4 of us out, all on our own, not a single yen in hand.

"How do the Americans say that so nicely?~
We're fucked," said Yosaho.

"Oh shut it, we were fucked the moment that psycho recruited us," Exclaimed Sammy in contra.

"So what now?" I asked.

Before either of the two could respond, Komada interrupted and said, "Defenitley not go with a bunch of clowns like you! 100.000¥ decided by 4 is 25.000 each. Everyone will get their money individually, and we'll meet back here in two days. Same time, same place."

After that, he just turned his back and walked off.

"Hey, isn't this whole ass exercise supposed to be some teamwork stuff, where the fuck do you think you're goin'!?" said Sammy.

"That's none of your buisiness." And with these words our oldest member, Komada, dissappear just like that.

"Calm down. Just let him leave, he ain't doin' shit anyway," told us

Yosaho.

"So, what should we do. Wanna work together or go your separate ways?" I asked.

They looked at each other for a second before nodding I agreement.

"Yeah, why not? We're all new, and no one knows much about crime here I take it, so I think it'll be the better choice," said Yosaho.

"Yep, he's right, count me in too!" Said Sammy.

"Kyotaka? What are you doing man?"

...

"What?"

"Dude, you were dreaming and sleep talking like crazyyyy" said Shiro.

"..."

"Whats wrong?"

"Nothing, just... that dream actually happened," I said, checking the clock. It was 3am at night.

"You mean like some sorta flashback or something?" asked Shiro.

"If you put it that way..."

"Holy shit, and I though these things only happen in movies!"

I tried going back to sleep, closing my eyes and breathing deep, but to no luck. I was wide awake now, still wondeding as to why I saw those three again in my dreams.

The leak

Reads: 33 | Votes: 3 | Comments: 0

As I woke up today I was feeling a little sleep deprived. That dream last night was stuck in my mind and I barely got any sleep afterwards.

I didn't eat anything today and immediately started doing my usual morning routine.

Having done the bare minimum, I went out to go for a little walk and catch some fresh air. Yesterday, they announced the new special exam, and phase 1 was about to start tomorrow. If I'm not mistaken, then to pass that one should be pretty easy.

"So, where are we heading?" asked Shiro casually.

I popped one of the gums, today banana flavored into my mouth and answered, "to Horikita's."

I spoke out loud, since it was still quite early in the morning and dark outside. Also, I didn't give much thought to seeing other students at such early hours.

"Horikita? Why would you go that that one?"

"I have something to talk with her about, my dear dear personality one"

"Personality one?" asked Shiro.

"Yes, personality one. My DID got worse recently, and you know it. If this keeps on, which I hope it doesn't, I may develop more personalitys, which I hope doesn't happen. So as to differentiate..."

"Would you rather piss a grape or shit a pineapple?"

"..."

"Kiyotaka?"

I stopped at the lake and looked inside, seeing my reflection, or in my eyes Shiro, and responded, "What the actual fuck was that question Shiro?"

"Just answer" he said.

"Then you must be the chaotic and more sadistic side of me, huh? And you just proved the point that I already had in mind, I'm gonna give you numbers to associate each personality with how they are."

"Sounds boring, but sure, you do your stuff. Now answer."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"No."

"Exactly, good you finally get that."

"You didn't fall for it, eh?"

"Nope, don't even try," I said as I picked up my pace again.

My reason for going to meet Horikita was to make her do something for me. I'm going to ask her for her token to set a trap, and hopefully she'll agree with it without asking further questions. Knowing her though, she most likely will.

Why? Why is it that my most useful pawn had to figure everything out?

The person who gave her those papers will need to be immobilized,

since I can't allow him to interfere with my freedom any further.

I spend some of my time to render down the list of suspects bit by bit, but was just able to exclude a small part of the student body, almost unimportant compared to the complete number.

I thought and I thought, using the one time Shiro actually shut up when I told him to, and was now nearing the dorms again after my little walk.

"Kiyotaka, watch out," said Shiro. Too late though.

I bumped straight up into a student from class B, Ichinose's class. This student was none other than Kanzaki, B's leader after Ichinose.

"Oh, sorry man-" he said, but upon opening his eyes again and seeing that it was me whom he bumped into, his eyes widened immediately.

"A-Ayanokoji-kun!? Why the hell are *you* here!?" He screamed.

"Im just taking a walk man..." I replied, not sure why he reacted like this.

"Not that you idiot! Why the hell are you still on this school!? Shouldn't you be expelled by now!?"

"Why would I?"

"You-! You don't... know?" He asked, surprised.

"Know what?" Don't tell me they actually had some kind of camera set up at the burned down hospital I didn't know about...

"So you seriousley don't know, huh? Ayanokoji-kun, you were once part of a yakuza, correct?"

How does he-?

"What are you saying-?" I replied.

"Don't even try to deny it! I knew it, from the very moment I first

met you I knew there was something fishy going on. And now? Now it comes out that I was right!"

So that person told Kanzaki? No, judging from the way he said it, like I was the only one that didn't know about it, the most likely thing is that it got leaked completley!

He continued, "So, what do you have to say for yourself mister executive?"

I didn't understand him quite well and my head began to hurt again. I muttered, quietly to myself, "Shit, I need to get going..."

"What-?"

I rushed off before Kanzaki could question me any further, my only destination now Horikitas dorm room.

"Hey, where do you think you're going!?" Screamed Kanzaki after me, but it was too late.

Even if he could still catch up to me, I don't plan on answering him any questions anyway.

I wonder, just how much dud that person leak?

After a quick run to the escalator, I realized that a lot of students were looking at me. Either because they know about ny past, or because I'm running like a total lunatic right now.

I closed the elevator button and went straight to the floor Horikita was living on, hoping she's still there.

"Yeah, Kiyotaka?"

"What is it Shiro?" I said as I shifted my gaze to the elevator.

"Oh..."

"A-Ayanokoji-kun, who's 'Shiro'?"

No way I didn't notice her! Standing right in front of me was a girl

named Kushida Kikyo, or also known in Shiro's eyes as miss two face.

"..." I couldn't say anything, partially because I was caught a little off guard by her unexpected presence, but mostly because I could not respond.

I mean, how could I? 'Hello Kushida, sorry to have burst into here so unexpectedly, I'm just talking to my second personality cause I have fucked up personality disorder, so I'm very sorry.'

...yeah no.

"Ayanokoji-kun, is it true that-"

"Sorry, gotta go," I said when I realized the elevator stopped at the floor it was supposed to.

Did I really take up so much time thinking...?

"Hey, wait a sec, Ayano-"

I was already running off, searching hastily for Horikita's room.

I knocked on it but quickly realised that it was open; thus, taking a little moment to breath, I opened it and went inside.

"Hello? Horikita?"

"Sit down. Now." she said, sitting there and eating breakfast.

I closed the door behind me and sat down on her opposite, waiting for her explanation. Since she purposefully left the door open and there even was a plate of food and some tea in front of me she must've expected me to come, so it's likely that she already either heared the news or spread the j for herself.

"No goodmorning? Geez Ayanokoji-kun, where are your manners?" she said.

"Cut the crap Horikita, whats going on? Why does everyone know abou-?"

"About your past in the mafia? Oh well, if I had an answer I would tell you. Sadly though, I don't; and sadly though, it's already too late."

"So you weren't the one who spread it then?" I asked her as I took a sip of the tea.

"You're acting pretty calm for someone who might not only get expelled but even go to prison you know? And no, I wasn't. But multiple students asked me today about a letter they got showing official documents about your little criminal activities, and I kinda predicted that you will come here," said Horikita while taking another bite of her scrambled eggs.

This is bad. Real bad. I can't blackmail the entire student body, how am I supposed to do so.

"Well thank you for the meal I suppose..." I said as I ate the scrambled eggs she made me, still not sure while she would do that after everything I did to her. But hey, I didn't eat breakfast today, so it's pretty convenient.

"Enjoy them, because you're gonna be here a little while, explaining something to me."

"What?"

"You heared me. So go ahead and tell me, who are you really?"

I wasn't exactly sure what she meant by that, so I asked her, "what's that supposed to mean?"

"Simply that there is no record of you. No matter how mich I asked people, now matter how much I searched the internet, no matter how much I asked the school, no one knows anything about you. Now the only thing we know is that you once were part of that yakuza or mafia or whatever, but thats it. So I'm asking, what were you before that Ayanokoji?"

"Damn, so stalking me huh? I expected you to search for something a little bit, but so much? Seems pretty obsessive if you ask me."

She didn't seem happy when I said so, "Shut up and answer. Look Ayanokoji-kun, I know that you are smart... smarter than me even. And I know that you wouldn't hesitate to do the most horrendous things if they're beneficial enough. I'm trying to help you here, alright? You're still part of our class, but I can't do that if you leave me in the dark or try to blackmail me," she said that as her left arm subconsciously touched her stomach, the same spot I kicked her a while back then. She likely didn't even realize it herself though.

Horikita went on, "Everyone has secrets, including me, but if something like you once being a mafia executive gets leaked and there's even more, maybe even worse things, then you could use some help, don't you think? Please Ayanokoji-kun, if there's more than that, please tell me."

"...If I tell you, can you promise me to keel it a secret?" I asked her while sitting my cup of tea down.

"Yes, I promise," she said, now looking me directly into the eye and giving me her full attention.

I let out a deep sigh. Although I hate to admit it, she was right. The easiest way to catch the one spreading all these things about me would involve her cooperation, and the easiest way to get that...

"Fine, listen carefully. I'll start from the very beginning, if that is okay? ...I'll start... with the White Room."

Horikita's token

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"The White Room?" asked Horikita confused.

I guess there's no turning back now...

"The White Room is the place I grew up in," I said, now fully having finished both my food and my tea.

"I see, you mean something like an internat?"

"Yes, well, not exactly..."

"Care to elaborate?" she asked me.

"You see, it was a place children were placed in but couldn't leave."

"Like an orphanage?"

"Something like that..."

Although the White Room was far from an orphanage, it held a certain similarity, so I guess telling her that is the easiest way to make her understand.

"Fine, continue, what's so special about that 'White Room'?" she asked.

"The White Room was build by a bunch of criminals in order to experiment on the children attending," I answered frankly, although leaving out the detail that my father himself was part of these people.

Horikitas eyes widened, her jaw dropping, completley caught off guard from what I just said.

"Wait," she continued, "You're not seriously telling me you grew up in a human rat lap, are you!?"

"I am, sadly."

She remained silent for a moment, gathering her thoughts. I don't even blame her, this all sounds completley crazy, like I just invented all that. But although it seems untrue, something in her eyes is telling me that she is actually believing me.

Horikita, after having recomposed herself a bit, spoke up again, "But that do would explain a lot..."

"Hm? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, for once, your distant and cold behaviour. I just thought you are just an introvert or very distant, but such a traumatic childhood would explain all that quite a bit better. Also, it would explain why you are such a 'do it all, no matter what'."

"'Do it all, no matter what'? What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean, Ayanokoji-kun, that you wouldn't even flinch while doing something absolutely horrible if it benefits you enough."

"I see..."

"So, what did they do to you, if I may ask?"

"You see, their goal was to create the 'perfect human'. They wanted to train all their students in every possible aspect, since birth."

Horikita seemed to realise something the moment I spoke those words.

"So that's it, huh? That's why you always come up with some genius plan behind our backs, is it?"

"Partially," I responded.

"So, why? I know that they're trying to create the best version of someone humanly possible, but why would I do so anyway? I mean,

isn't such a thing highly illegal? They'd need to get even the police involved just to create something slightly similar, so why?"

"They got the police involved, that's the thing."

"Wait... what?"

"Not just the yakuza and other criminals are involved, but also a lot of politicians and influential people. That's why, although it's risky, they never got caught," I replied.

Horikita took a moment to process this information once again, before speaking up and saying, "Fine, that's believable. But still, why risk all that to do such a thing. They're risking their careers and life in prison, just for some experiment? It doesn't make sense."

She's right, from her perspective it doesn't. No one would take such a huge risk just to experiment with someone a bit, especially not the rich and influential. But I left out the small detail of why it is worth it, so her reaction and her skepticism is deserved I'd say.

"I don't know... I have no clue as to why they did it or as to why they risked so much. The only thing I know is that I escaped from that place, and hopefully never return."

Of course that was a lie, but taking in account that all this sounds completley made up anyway, she's unlikely to catch up.

"I see. Wait, how long were you there anyway? Like, a few years?" she asked.

I replied, "14 years."

She almost choked on her own spit, "14 What!?"

I stayed silent, letting her take in what I just said.

"You mean ever since you remember you were in that place!? Oh my God..."

"Now you know. But aside from that, I hope you understand why exactly I don't want this person to reveal that information about me

or the White Room," I said.

"You do know just how absurd all of this sounds, right Ayanokoji-kun? It's quite, how do I put this, harsh to believe you..."

"I know it's hard, and I wouldn't judge you if you decide to not believe it, but whatever you do, do not tell anyone about this. I'm going to stop whoever is behind this, with or without you. Keep your promise Horikita-san," I said.

As my eyes flickered to my right I saw a shiny surface of metal, not quite sure why Horikita had that just laying around there. But in it, I saw myself, and with that I mean Shiro, who was looking at me with a smirk.

"Really, you're guilt tripping her? That's low to do to an Allie you know?" he said.

Before Horikita could respond to my previous attempt to make her believe though, I muttered under my breath, "Shiro, not the right moment. Shut up," which instantly got her attention.

She asked, "What was that?"

I replied, "Was what?"

"The thing you just said, something about a 'right moment'?"

"Ignore it, I have that bad habit where I mutter to myself sometimes, you know?" Hopefully she believes that lie.

Horikita let out a long sigh before focusing her attention back to me, telling me, "Don't worry about that, I believe you. It sounds hard to believe, but I don't think you're lying. Although I'm quite sure you didn't tell me the entire truth, most of it should be sufficient. So, like I promised, I will help you find the person who spread these rumors, but... one more thing."

"What?"

"Why is he even spreading them in the first place? Has it maybe something to do with Kushida-san?"

"No," I continued, "The real reason is to get me expelled. And before you even ask, I have no clue as to how he got that information about my life Horikita-san."

Of course I was lying again on that part, but at this point it should be believable enough.

"Fine then, Ayanokoji-kun, I'll help you. So, got anything in mind?" she asked.

"I do have a plan, and I'm here for it. Simply put, I need your token Horikita-san," I replied.

"My... token? Why? You mean for setting a trap right? But how does the currency of a special exam help with that?"

"You see Horikita, I'm planning on catching the culprit through phase one to two, and I have a little something in mind to say the least..."

Horikita replied, "But I can't give you my token without being disqualified, no? Does that mean you want me gone?"

"No," I continued, "I'll give your token back, I promise. You won't be disqualified, not until phase 3 at least. Can you trust me, Horikita-san?"

She hesitated for a moment but then pulled out her phone. She opened the OAA app and sent me the token, saying, "I trust you Ayanokoji-kun. After all... if your story is true then your trust in me must be even bigger."

Sadly, Horikita, that is not so. I lied, or rather said, only told you half the truth. But yes, in your eyes, that is absolutely correct.

I thought the moment I decided to come here I would need to use that photo from last time again, blackmailing her into helping, but looks like it won't be needed for now.

Horikita, you truly are the best pawn I have.

"...Anyway, thank you Horikita-san, I'll be heading out now, take

care."

"You two," she said.

I got up and went out, closing the door behind me.

Shiro then began talking again, saying, "Well that was easy. You got the token without even needing to resort to violence. Are ya proud Kiyotaka?"

"I won't answer that question Shiro, but rest assured, our day is far from over. After all, the hidden mechanic is the thing that will truly set our victory..."

That's right, the hidden mechanic. In the OAA app we all saw our tokens in our menu, right next to the psychological annalyzation icon give to us after the text.

But there was a twist to it. Every student who had the icon from beforehand, so through a criminal charge or record, has an extra feature. Since we all got the highest, we had an unfair advantage in that sense, which is why we cannot refuse.

The games are made per OAA app, and if someone sends you a request you have the option to deny. This feature is something where the people with the icon that didn't need to go through the evaluation can't refuse that request, and it will automatically accept once the rules and wagers are set.

It seems like the biggest disadvantage one could have in this situation, but in my case it is in fact a blessing. With this I will finally be able to set my plan in motion.

Now that I have Horikita's token, the fundaments are set, now I have to hurry and begin before too many people get to know about this feature.